

A  
Right excellent  
and famous Comedy, called  
The Three Ladies of London.

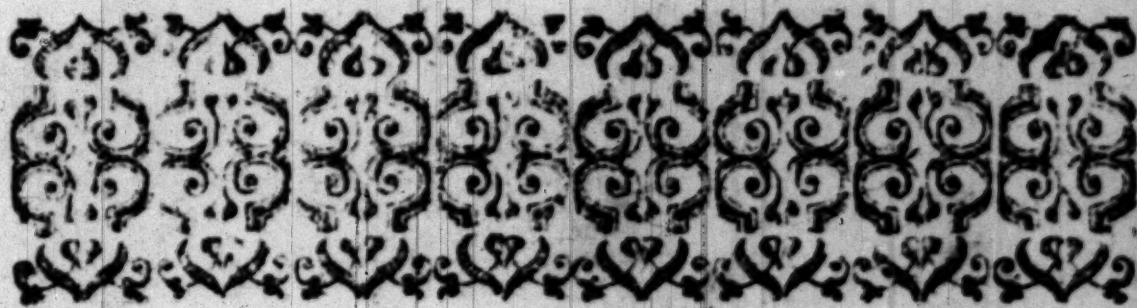
VVHEREIN IS NOTABLIE  
declared and set forth, how by the meanes of  
Lucar, Loue and Conscience is so corrup-  
ted, that the one is married to Dissimu-  
lation, the other fraught withall  
abomination.

*A perfect patterne for all Estates to looke into,  
and a worke right worthie to be marked.  
Written by R.W. as it hath been  
publiquely pleased.*

AT LONDON,  
Printed by John Danter, dwelling in Ducke  
Lane, neere Smithfiel'd.

1592.





## The Prologue.

TO sit on Honors seate, it is a loftie reach, (breach.  
To seeke for praise by making bragges, oft times doth get a  
We list not ride the row'ing rackes, that dims the christall skies,  
We mean to set no glimmering glance before your curteous eyes:  
VVe search not Plutos peniue pit, nor taste of Limbo lake:  
VVe do not shew of warlike fight, as shield and sword to shake:  
VVe speak not of the powers diuine, ne yet of furious sprights:  
VVe do not seeke high hits to clime, nor take of loues delights:  
VVe do not here present to you the threshar with his flayle,  
Ne do we here present to you the mi'k-maid with her payle:  
VVe shew not you of countrey toile, as hedger with his bill:  
VVe do not bring the husbandman to lop and top with skill:  
VVe pay not here the Gardiers part to plant, to set and sow:  
You meruaille then what wares we haue to furnish out our shew:  
Your patience yet we craue awhile till we haue trimd our stall:  
Then yong and old come and behold our wares, & buy them all.  
Then if our wares shall seeme to you, well wouen, good & fine,  
VVe hope we shall your custome haue againe another time.

F I N I S.



A 2

A Pyc

A pythie and pleasant Comedie  
of the three Ladies of London.

The first Act.

Enter Fame sounding before Loue and Conscience.

Loue.

**L**ouie Conscience, what shall we say to our estates,  
to whom shall we complaine?  
O how shall we abridge such fates, as heappeth by our paine?  
Tis Lucar now that rules the rout, tis she is all in all,  
tis she that holdeth her head so hight, in fine tis she that worketh our fal.  
Oh Conscience, I feare, I feare a day,  
that we by her and Isterie shall quite be cast away.

Loue. Indeed I feare the worst, for euerie man doth see  
and comes from countrey's strange and farre, of her to haue view.  
Although they ought to seeke true Loue and Conscience cleare:  
but Loue and Conscience few do like, that leane on Lucars chaire.  
Men ought be rulde by vs, we ought in them beare sway:  
so should each neighbor liue by other in god estate alway.

Loue. For Lucar men come from Italy, Barbarie, Turkie,  
from Iurie: nay the Pagan him selfe,  
Indangers his bodie to gape for her pesse.  
They forslake mother, p;ince countrey, religion, kesse and kin,  
May men care not what they forslake, so laudiz Lucar they win.  
That we poore ladies may ligh te see our states thus turned and tost,  
and worse and worse is like to be, where Lucar rules the rost.

Con. You say the truth, yet God I trust will not admit it so,  
that Loue and Conscience by Lucars lust shall catch an ouerthow.

Fame. God ladies rest content, and you no doubt shall see  
them plagud with painfull punishment for such their crueltie:  
And if true Loue and Conscience liue from Lucars lust lasciuious,  
then Fame a triple crowne will give, which lasteth ay victorious.

Con. God grant that Conscience keepe within the bounds of right,  
and that vile Lucar do not daunt her heart with deadly spight.

Loue. And grant O God that Loue be found in citie, towne & countrey,  
which causerth wealth and peace abound, and pleasest God almighty.

Fame. But Ladies, ist your pleasure to walke abroad a while,  
and recreate your selues with measure your sorrowes to beguile.

Con. Passe on good Fame, your steps do frame, on you we will attend,  
and pray to God that holds the rod, our states for to defend. Exeunt.

Enter Dissimulation, hauing on a Farmers long coate, and a cap, and  
his poll and beard painted motley.

Dissim. May no lesse than a farmer, a right honest man,  
but my taung cannot stay me to tell what I am:  
May, who is it that knowes me not by my partie coloured head?  
They may well thinke that see me, my honestie is fled.

**Cuſh**

of the three Ladies of London.

Tush, a ffigge for honestie, tut let that go.  
Sith men, wemen, and children my name and doings do know.  
My name is Disimulation, and no bale in my I beare,  
For my outward effects my inward zeale do declare:  
For men do dissimble with their wiues, & their wiues with them again,  
So that in the hearts of them I alwaies remaine:  
The child dissimbles with his father, the sister with her brother,  
the mayden with her mistris, and the yongman with his louer,  
There is Disimulation betweene neighbor and neighbor, friend and  
friend, one with another.  
Betweene the seruante and his maister, betweene brother and brother,  
then why make you it strange that euer you knew me,  
Seeing so often I rauge throughout every degrec?  
But forget my basenes, ile towards London as fast as I can,  
to get entertainment of one of the three Ladies, like an honest man.  
Enter simplicie like a Miller all mealy with a  
wand in his hande.

simp. They say there is preferment in London to haue,  
Mas and there be ile be passing and braue:  
Why ile be no more a miller, because the maydens call me dusty pole,  
One thumps me on the necke, and another strikes me on the nole:  
And you see I am a hanosome fellowe, marke the compozitione of my  
stature,  
Faith ile go seeke peraduentures, and be a seruine creature.  
Dissim. Whither away good fellow? I pray thee declare.  
simp. Mary ile clare thee, to London, would thou didst go there.  
Dissim. What if I did, would it be better for thee?  
simp. I marry should it, for I loue honest company.  
Dissim. Agreed, there is a bargen, but what shall I call thee?  
simp. Cause thou art an honest man ile tel thee, my name is Simplicity  
Dissim. A name agreeing to thy nature, but stay here comes more com-  
Enter Fraud with a sword and buckler like a Ruffin. (pang)

Fraud. Hulfe once aloft, and if I may hit in the right baine,  
Wher I may beguile easily without any great paine:  
I will flaunt it and braue it after the lussy swash,  
Ile deceiue thousands, what care I who lie in the lash.  
Dissim. What Fraud well met, whither travelllest thou this way?  
Fraud. To London, to get entertainment there if I may,  
Of the thre ladyes, Lucifer, Loue, and Conscience,  
What care I to serue the Deuill, so I may get pence?  
simp. O Fraud I know thee for a deceittull knaue,  
And art thou gotten so boniacion and braue?  
I knew thee when thou dwelt at a place called Grauesend,  
And the grefles knew thee too, because thou wast not their friend,  
For when thou wouldest bring reckoning to thy gesse,  
thou wouldest say twise so much, and swere it cost thy dame no lese.  
So thou didst deceiue them, and thy dame too:

## A pythie and pleasant Comedie

And because they spied the knauerie, away thou didst goe.  
When thou didst gyre into a cart to abyde to a place called Ware,  
And because horses stood at hay for a penne a night there,  
So that thou couldest get nothing that kynde of way,  
Thou didst greaze the horses teeth, that they shouldest not eate hay,  
And wouldest tell the rider his horse no hay wouldest eate,  
So the man wouldest say, gyue him some other kynde of meate.  
Sir shall I gyue him oates, fitches, pease, varley, or bread,  
But what ere thou gaue him, thou wouldest three quarters when he was in  
And now thou art so proud with thy fliching & coyning art, (bed.)  
But I thinke one day thou wouldest be proud of the Rope and the Cart:  
take a wise fellowe's counsell Fraud, leue thy coyning and fliching.

Fraud. Thou hast rascall swad auant, le bang thee for thy brawling,  
whom darst thou defame a Gentleman that hath so large a living?  
Sym. A goodly Gentleman Olier, I thinke none of you al beleue him.  
Fraud. What a clinchpoop drudge is this? I can forbeare him no more.

Let Fraud make as though he wouldest strike him, but let

Dissimulation step betweene them.

Dissim. My good friend Fraud restraine, and care not therefore,  
tis Dimplicite that patch, he knoweth not good from bad,  
And to stand in contention with him, I wouldest thinke you were mad  
But tell me Fraud tell me, hast thou been an Olier in thy dayes?

Fraud. Faith I haue prooued an hundred such wayes,  
For when I could not thriue by all other trades,  
I became a squire to maite upon iades.

But then was then, and now is now, le let that passe,  
I am as thou seekest me, what care I the duell what I was.

Uisum. Will say you go to London, in faith haue with you than.

Simpl. May come and gyre with me, good honest man:  
For if thou goe with hym, he wouldest teach thee all his knauerie,  
there is none wouldest gyre with him that hath anie honestie.  
A boies on thy motley beard, I know thee thou art Dissimulation,  
And hast thou got an honest mans coate to semble this fashyon?  
Ile tell thee what, thou wouldest euer semble & cog with thine own fathir:  
A couple of false knaves together, a cheete and a upoker:  
thou makist toones folk beleue thou art an honest man in the country,  
yet dost nothing but cog, lye, and forke with hypocritise.  
You shall be hanged together, and go alone together for mee,  
For if I shouldest gyre the folkes wouldest say, we were knaves all thre.

Enter Symone and Uisurie hand in hand.

Sym. Freyd Olier, I thinke we are wellaneare at our iournies end:  
But knowest thou whom I haue espied?

Uisurie. No.

Sym. Fraud our great freend.

Uisur. And I see another that is now come into my remembrance.

Sym. Who is that? (quaintance.)

Uisur. Mary w<sup>m</sup> Dame Dissimulation, a good helper, and our olde ac-

Simpl.

of the three Ladies of London.

Simpl. Now all the cards in the stocke are dealt about,  
the fourt knaues in a cluster comes rustling out.

Sym. What Fraud and Disimulation happily found out,

I meruaine what peice of worke you two goe about?

Fraud. Faith sir we met by chance, and towards London are bent

Vlurie. And to London we lye it is our chieflent intent,  
to see if we can get entertainment of the Ladies or no.

Dissem. And for the selfe same matter euen thether we goe.

Sym. Then we are luckely well met, a seing we wish al for one thing,

I would we our wills and wishing might winne.

Simpl. I. Yes ther will be sure to winne the diuell and all,

Or else theyle make a man to spue out his gall:

What vile Usury, he lent my father a little mony, & for breking one day,

He tooke the see-simple of his house and mill quite away:

And yet he borrowed not halfe a quarter so much as it cost,

But I thinke if it had been but a shilling it had been lost:

So he hid my father with sorrow, and vndid me quite,

And you deale with hym sirs, you shall finde hym a knaue full of spight.

And Symon I per le I. Symonie too, he is a knaue for the nonce,

He loues to haue twentie livings at once:

And if he let an honest man as I am to haue one,

Hele! let it so deare that he shall be vndone.

And he seekes to get Parsons livings into his hand,

And puts in lome odd dunc that to his payment will stand:

So, if the parsonage be worth fortie or fiftie pound a yere,

He will give one twentie nobles to mumble seruice once a monch there.

Symonie and Vlurie both.

What rascall is he, that speakes by vs such villanies?

Dissem. Sirs, he was at vs crewhise too, it is no matter, it is a simple  
soulle called Simplicite.

Fater Love and Conscience.

But here come two of the Ladies, therefore make readie.

Fraud. But which of vs all shall first breake the matter?

Dissem. Marry let Symonie doo it, for he finely can flatter.

Vlur. Marry sirs, because none of vs shal haue preheminence aboue other,  
We will sing in celle wchship together like brother and brother,

Sym. Of troth agreed my masters let it be so.

Simpl. Marry and they sing, we sing too.

The Song.

Good Ladies take pittie, and graunt our desire.

Conscience reply.

Speake boldly and tell me what ist you require,

Their reply.

Your seruice good Ladies, is that we doo craue,

Their reply.

We like not nor list not such seruants to haue,

Chorus

A pythic and pleasant Comedie  
Their replie. If you entertaine vs, we trusty will be,  
but if you estraine vs, then most vnhappy:  
we will come, we will runne we will bend at our becke,  
we will plie, we will hie, for feare of a checke.  
Her replie. You doe fauine, you doe flatter, you do lie, you doe prate,  
you will steale, you will robbe, you will kill in your hate:  
I denie you, I desie you, then cease off your talking,  
I restraine you, I disdaigne you, therefore get you walking.

Con. Dathat Fraud, Dissimulation, Usurie, and Symonie,  
How dare you for shame presume so boldly,  
To once to shew your selues before Loue and Conscience,  
Not yeelding your iwd liues first to repentance?  
Thinke you not that God will plague your wicked practises,  
If you intend not to amend your liues so farre amisse?  
Thinke you not God knowes your thoughts words and works,  
And what secret mischiefs in your hearts there lurk?  
then how dare you offend his heauenly maiestie,  
With your dissembling deceit, your flatterie, and your Usurie?

Fraud. But sirs, seeing lady Conscience is so scrupulous,  
I will not speake to her, for I see it is fruulous.

But what say you lady Loue, will you graunt vs fauour?  
Loue. He no such seruants so ill of behauour:

Seruants more fitter for Lucar than Loue,  
And happis are they which refraine vs to proue:  
Shainelesse, pittilesse, gracielesse, and quite past honestie,  
then who of good conscience but will hate your compaines.

Viu. Here is scrupulous Conscience and nice Loue indeed,  
Cush, if they will not, others will, I know we shall speed.

Simp. But lady I stand still behind, for I am none of their company.

Con. Dathp, what art thdu? oh I know thou art Simplicite.

Simp. I faith, I am Simplicite, and would fauue ye.

Con. No, I may haue no fooles to dwell with me.

Simp. Dathp, then lady Loue will you haue me than?

Loue. Yes Simplicite thou shalt be my man.

Simp. But shall I be your good man?

Loue. Pea my good man indeed.

Simp. I but I would be your goodman, & swap by a wedding with sped  
Loue. Hoo, Loue may not marry in any case with Simplicite,

But if thou wilst serue me, ile receive it willingly,

And if thou wilst not, what reaede.

Simp. Yes ile serue ye, but will you go in to dinner, for I am hungry?

Loue. Come lady Conscience, wil you walk home from this compaines?

Con. Dath right god will, for their sightes likes not me.

Exeunt Loue and Conscience.

Fraud. Fraud is the clubbish knaue, and Usury the hard harted knaue  
And Symonie the diamond dainty knaue,  
And Dissimulation the spitefull knaue of syade.

Comis

of the three Ladies of London.  
Come there any moe knaves, come there any moe:  
I see four knaves stand on a rote.

Let Fraud runne at him, and let Simplicitie runne in, and  
come out againe straight.

Fraud. Alway D<sup>r</sup>udge, be gone quickly.

Simp. I wis, doe thust out mine eyes with a Lady.

Exit Simplicitie.

Vsur. Did you euer see Gentleman so rated at before,  
But it shills not, I hope one day to turne them both out at doze.

Symo. We were arrantly flouted, rayled at, and strok in our bind,  
That same Conscience is a vild terroure to mans mind:  
Yet faith I care not, for I haue borne many more than these,  
when I was conuersant with the Clergie beyond the Seas,  
And he that will liue in this world must not care what such say,  
for they are blossoms blown down, not to be found after May.

Fraud. Faith care that care will, for I care not a point,  
I haue shiffted hitherto, and whilist I liue I will leopard a toynt:  
And at my death I will leaue my inheritour behind,  
That shall be of the right stampe to follow my mind:  
Therefore let them pray till their hearts ake, and spit out their euill,  
She cannot quale me, if she came in likenesse of the great deuill.

Dissim. Masse Fraud, thou hast a doughtie hart to make a hangman of,  
For thou haist good skil to helpe men from the coffe,  
But we were arrantly flouted, yet I thought she had not knowne me,  
But I perceue though Dissimulation do disguise him, Conscience can see,  
that though Conscience perceue it, all the world cannot beside?  
Cush there be a thousand places where we our selues may prouide,  
But looke sirs, here commeth a lussy Lady towards vs in hast,  
But speake to her if you will, that we may be all plaste.

Enter Lady Lucar.

Vsu. I pray thee doe, for thou art the likeliest to speed.

Dissim. Why then ile toit with a stomache in hope of good speed,  
Faire Lady, all the Gods of god fellowship kisse ye (I would say blesse ye)

Luc. Thou art very pleasant & ful of thy roperipe, I would say rhetorick.

Dissim. Lady you toode me at the wort, I beseech you therefore,  
To pardon my boldnesse offending no more.

Luc. doe do, the matter is not great, but what wouldest thou haue?  
How shall I call thee, and what ist thou doest craue?

Dissim. I am called Dissimulation, and my earnest request,  
Is to craue entertainment for me and the rest,  
Whose names are Fraud, Miserie, and Symonie,  
Great carers for your health, wealth and prosperitie.

Luc. Fraud, Dissimulation, Miserie, and Symonie,  
How truly I thanke you for proffering your seruice to me:  
You are all hartily welcome, and I will appoint straignt way,

A pithie and pleasant Comedie

where each one in his office in great hono: shall stay.

But Usurie didst thou never know my grandmother the old Ladie Lucar of Venice?

Usurie. Yes Madame, I was servant unto her, and lived ther in blisse.

Lucar. But why camest thou into England, seeing Venice is a Citie  
where Usurie by Lucar may live in great glorie?

Usurie. I haue ofteen heard your god grandmother tell,  
that she had in England a daughter, which her farr did excell:  
And that England was such a place for Lucar to bide,  
as was not in Europe and the whole world besyde:  
then lustyng greatly to see you and the countrey, she being dead,  
I made hale to come ouer to serue you in her stead.

Lucar. Gramercie Usurie, I doubt not but to liue here as pleasantly,  
and pleasanter too: but whence came you Hymonie tell me.

sym. My birth, nurserie & bringing vp hitherto hath bin in Roome, that  
ancient religious citie:

On a tyme the monkes & friers made a banquet, whereto they invited me  
with certayne other English merchants, which belike were of their fa-  
militarie.

So talking of manie matters, amongst others one began to dedate  
of the abuudant substance still brought to that state.  
Some said the encrease of their substance and wealth,  
came from other Princes, and was brought therer by stealth:  
But the friars and monkes with all the ancient companie,  
said that it first came, and is now vpholden by me Hymonie:  
which the Englishmen gaue eare too, then they flattered a little too much,  
as English merchants can do for aduantage when encrease it doth tucke:  
And being a shippeyd merrie, and ouercome with drinke on a day,  
the wnde serued, they hoyst sayle, and so brought me away:  
and landing here, I heard in what great estimation you were, I  
made bold to your hono: to make my respaire.

Lucar. Master Hymonie, I thank thee, but as for my fraud & Dissimulation  
I know their long continuance, and after what fashion.

Therefore Dissimulation, you shall be my steward,

At office that euerie mans case by you must be p;eferd.

And your fraud shall be my rent-gatherer, my letter of leases & my pur-  
chaser of land,

so that manie olde habes will come to thy hand.

And Usurie because I know you be trustie, you shall be my secretarie,  
to deale amongst merchants, to bagen and exchange money.

And Hymonie, because you are a sic fellow, & haue your tongue liberall,  
we will place you ouer such matters as are Ecclesiastical.

And though we appoint sundrie offices where now ye are in,  
yet soonyly we meane to vse you together ofteimes in one thing.

All. Ladie we rest at your commaund in ought we can or may.

Lucar. Then master Daute to my pallace hast thee away,  
and will Craftie Conueriance my butler to make readie

of the three Ladies of London.

The best fare in the house, to welcome thee and thy compaines;  
but stay Dissimulation, my selfe will go with thee,  
Gentlemen lie goe before, but see in anie case,  
So soone as ye please resort to my place.

Excunt, Dissim. & Lucar.

Sym. Doubt not faire Ladie, we will not long absent be,

Vlurie. Fellow Spinorie this fell out pat, so well as heart could wish,  
we are cunning anglers, we haue caught the fattest fish.  
Certainly it is true that her grandmother told,  
There is good to be done by vse of siluer and gold.  
And seeing we are so well settled in this countrey,  
Rich and poore shall be pincht whosoever come to me.

Sym. Sirra, being at Rome, and dwelling in the friarie,  
they would talke how England perly sent ouer a great masse of money,  
and that this little Yland was more worth to the Pope,  
than three bigger Realmes that had a great deale more scope:  
For here were sime pence, peter pence, and powle pence to be paid,  
besides much other money that to the Popes vse was made.  
Whyp, it is but lately since the Pope received this fine,  
Not much more than 33. yeares since, it was in Queene Mariestime,  
But England had never knownen what this geare had meant,  
Had frier Austin from the Pope not hether been sent.  
For the Pope hearing it to be a little Yland, sent him with a great Br-  
acie ouer.

And winning the victorie, he landed about Rye, Sandwych, or Dover.  
Then he erected lawes having the people in subiection,  
and for the most part, England hath paid tribute so long.

I hearing of the great stote and wealth in the Countrey,  
could not chuse but perswade my selfe the people loued symonie.

Vlurie. But stay your talke till some other time, we forget my Ladie.

Sym. Of troth you say true, for she bad vs make hast,  
but my talke me thought sauoured well, and had a good tast.

Excunt ambo.

Enter Mercadore like an Itallen Merchant.

Merc. My fudge in my minde dat me be not verie far.  
from de place where dwells my Ladie Lucar:  
But here come vne shentle mana so he doo.

Enter Dissimulation.

Pray ye heartely signior leta me speaka you,  
Pray ye do ye know vni shentleman dat meschier Dawie doo call?

Dissim. Yes sir, my selfe am he, and what would you withall?

Merc. Good a my friend meschier Dawie, helpa me pray ye heartely.  
We haue sum acquaintance a with Madona Lucar your Ladie.

W:

Dissim.

A pithie and pleasant Comedie

Sir byon condition I will, therefore I would you should know,  
That on me and my felowes you must largely lesteow:  
Whiche names are *Fraud*, *Murie*, and *Symony*, men of great credit and  
calling,  
And to get my Ladies good wil and theirs it is no small thing:  
But tell me can you be content to winne *Lucar* by *Dissimulation*?  
Merca. A good a my friend axa me no shush a question,  
For he dat will live in de world must be of the world sure,  
And de world will loue his clyne, so long as the world indure.

Enter *Lucar*.

*Dissim.* I commend your wit Sir, but here comes my Lady.  
Merca. Come hider, heers too tree Crownes for de speke me.  
*Dissim.* Well sir I thank you, I will go speake for you. (gotten theret  
*Lucar.* Maister *Daux* *Dissimulation*, what new acquaintance haue ye  
*Dissim.* Such a one *Madam* that unto your state hath great care:  
And surely in my minde the Gentleman is worthie  
To be well thought on for his liberality, bounte, & great care to lecke yee.

*Lucar.* Gentleman, you are hartily welcome, how are you called, I pray  
you tell vs?

Merca. *Madona*, me be a Merchant and be cald senioz *Mercadorus*.  
*Lucar.* But I pray you tell me what Countryman.  
Merca. Me be *Madona* an Italian.  
*Lucar.* Per let me trouble ye, I beseech ye whence came ye?  
Merca. For sara boutra boungrace, me come from Turkie.  
*Lucar.* Gramercie, but senioz *Mercadorus* dare you not vndertake,  
Secretly to conuey good commodities out of this country for my sake?  
Merca. *Madona*, me doe for loue of you tinke no paine too much,  
And to doe any thing for you me will not grush:  
Me will a forslake a my fader, Moder, King, Country, & more den das,  
Me will lie and forswere my selfe for a quarter so much as my hat,  
What is dat for loue of *Lucar* me dare o; will not doe:  
Me care not for all the world, the great *Deuile*, nay make my God angry  
for you.

*Luc.* You say wel *Mercadorus*, yet *Lucar* by this is not thowly won  
But giue care and I will shew what by thee must be done:  
Thou must carry ouer *Amheate*, *Pease*, *Barly*, *Dates*, and *Fitches*, and  
all kind of graine,  
Whiche is well sold beyond sea, and bring such merchants great gaine.  
Then thou must carry beside lether, tallow, beefe, bacon, bell mettell, and  
every thing.

And for these good commodities, trifles into England thou must bring:  
As *Bugles* to make bables, coloured bones, glasse beades to make brace-  
lettes withall:  
For every day Gentlewoman of England doe aske for such trifles from  
Hall to Hall,  
And you must bring moze, as *Amber*, *Teat*, *Cozall*, *Chrissall*, and euerie  
such bable,

*That*

of the three Ladies of London.

That is slight, pretty and pleasant, they care not to have it profitable.  
And if they demand wherefore your wares and merchandize agree,  
You must say Teat will take by a straþ, A mber will make one fat,  
Cottall will take pale when you be sick, and Chistall will stanch blad.  
So with lying, flattering, and glosing you must brier your ware,  
And you shall winne me to your will, if you can deceiptfully sheweare.

Merc. Tinke ye not dat me haue carried ouer coþnc, Ledar, West and  
Bacon too all tis while:  
And brought he dat many bables dese countrymen to beguile?  
Yes, shall me tell you Madona, me and my countrymans haue sent ouer,  
Well mettis for make ordinance, yea and oþdinance it selfe beside,  
Dat my country and other countries bee so well furnish as dis country,  
and has never beeþe spide.

Luc. Now I perceue you loue me, and if you continue in this stile,  
You shal not only be with me, but command me when & where you will.

Merc. Lady, for to do all dis and more for you me be content:  
But I tinke some shall knaue will put a bill in da Parliament,  
For dat suth a tings shall not be brought heere.

Luc. Tush Mercadore, I warrant thee, thou needest not to feare  
What and one doþ there is some other will flatter and say,  
They do no hurt to the country, and with a sleight fetch that bill alway,  
And if they doe not so, that by acte of Parliament it be pass,  
I knwoþ you merchants haue many a sleight and subtill cast,  
So that you will by stealth bring ouer great store,  
And say it was in the Realme a long time before.  
For being so many of these trifles here as there is at this day,  
You may increase them at pleasure, when you send ouer sea, I  
And doe but give the searcher an odde bribe in his hand,  
I warrant you he wil let you scape rounþly with such things in and out  
But senioþ Mercadore, I pray you walke in with me, (the lande)  
And as I find you kind to me, so will I favour ye,

Merc. Me tanke my good Lady. But M. Dissimulation, heere is for  
your sellows, Fraud, Usurie, and Hypocracie, and say me give it dem.

Excuse I uar and Mercadore.

Dissim. I marry Sir, these briþes haue welcome beeþe, (line  
Good saþ I perceue, Dissimulation, Fraud, Hypocracie and Usurie shal  
In spite of Loue and Conscience, through their hearts it doþ greue.  
Mas masters, he that cannot lie, cog, dissimble and flatter now a dayes,  
Is not worthy to haue in the world, nor in the Court to haue praise.

Enter Artefex an Artificer.

Art. I beseech you good M. Dissimulation, befreend a poore man,  
To serue Lady Lucar and Iure Sir, ile consider h[er]rester if I can.

Dissim. What, consider me. doest thou think that I am a briþe taker?  
Faþh it lies not in me to further thy matter.

Art. Good M. Dissimulation helpe me, I am almost quite ydone,  
But yet my living hitherto with Conscience I haue leuenne,  
But my true working, my early rising and my late going to bed,

A pitche and pleasant Comedie

Is scantable to find my selfe, wife and children dule bread  
For here be such a sort of strangers in this countrey,  
That worke nre to please the eye, though it be deceitfull,  
And that whiche is sleight, and seemes to the eye well,  
Will sooner than a pece of good worke be p;offered to sell,  
And our Englishmen be growne so foolish and nice,  
That they wll not give a p;nce above the ordinary p;ce.

William. Faith I cannot helpe thee, tis me fellow Fraud must pleasure  
Here comes my fellow Fraud, speake to him, and ile do what I can.

Enter Fraude.

Art. I beseech you be good vnto me right honest Gentleman.

Fraud. Why and whereto? what would thou have me do?

Art. That my eate you will so much prefare,  
As to get me to be a workman to Lady Lucar:

And Sir I doubt not but to please you so well for your paine,

That you shall thinke very well of me; if I in her service remaine. (Knes  
William. Good fellow Fraud do so much for I see he is very willing to  
And some pece of worke to thee for thy paines he will give. (gives,

Fraud. Well upon that condition I wil, but I care not so much for his  
As that he will by my name declare how he cam; by his great chyfes,

And that he will set out in every kind of thing,

That Fraud is a good husband, and great profit doth bring,

Therefore the next pece of worke that thou daest make,

Let me see how deceitfull thou wilt do it for my sake.

Art. Yes Sir I will Sir, of that be you sure,

He honour your name while life doth endure.

William. Fellow Fraud, here comes a Citizen as I deeme.

Fraud. May rather a Lawyer, or some pette fogger, he doth seeme.

Enter a Lawyer.

Law. Gentleman, my earnest suite is to desire ye,

That vnto your Ladys service you would helpe me:

For I am an attorney of the law and pleader at the bar,

And haue a great desire to plead for Lady Lucar.

I haue beene earnest Sir, as is needfull in such a case,

For feare an other come before me, and obtaine my place.

I haue pleaded for loue and Conscience till I w;is wearie,

I had many Clients, and many matters, that made me purse light, and

my heart heauie.

Therefore let them plead for Conscience that list for me,

Ile plead no more for such as bring nothing but beggery.

William. Sir, upon this condition that you haue keepen in Law,

Ten or twelue yeeres for matters not worth a straw:

And that you will make an ill matter seeme good and firmable indeed,

Faith I am content for me pate that you shall speed.

Fraud. May fellowe thinke you that Demone and Ursie hath an ill  
matter in law at this time,

Now if thou canst handle the matter so subtil and fine,

of the three Ladies of London.

To to plead that ill matter good and fitmable at the bar,  
Then thou shalt shew thy selfe worthy to winne Lady Lucar.  
Therefore tell me if you can and will do it or no.  
If you dee it, be sure to get my Ladies good will ere you go. ¶

Dissim. By my honestie well remembred, I had quite forgot,  
Tis about that, a soveraigne ago selfe out the matter I wot.

Law. Cushtir, I can make blacke white, and white blacke againe,  
But he that will be a Lawyer, must have a thculand waies to fame,  
And many times we Lawyers do one bescrend another,  
And let good matters slip, but we agree like brother and brother,  
Why sir what shall let vs to w<sup>e</sup>st and turne the law as we list,  
Seeing we have them printe<sup>d</sup> in the palmes of our fist?  
Therefore doubt you not, but make bold report,

That I can, and will plead their ill cause in good kind of sorte.

Fraud. Of trouth he w<sup>e</sup>ll best thou this selfe to Dissimulation

Dissim. Mary I like him w<sup>e</sup>ll, hee is a running Clarke, and one of our  
But come hir, go w<sup>e</sup>th<sup>s</sup> and we will preser you, (protection,

Art. Good M. Fraud remeber me.

Fraud. Leave thy prating, I will I tell thee.

Art. Good M. Dissimulation thinke on me.

Dissim. Thou art too unporionate and greedy.

Fraud. Come after dinner, or some other time when we are at leasure.

Dissim. Fraud and Lawyer cunyngh.

Art. Come after dinner, or some other time indeed,  
For full little do they think of a poore mans need:  
These felichies will do nothing for pittie and loue,  
And thysse happy are they that hath no need them to proue.  
God he knowes the w<sup>e</sup>ld is growne to such a stay,  
That men must bie Fraud and Dissimulation too, or beg by the way.  
Therefore ile do as the most doth, the swest shall laugh me to scorne,  
And be a fellow among<sup>s</sup> good fellowes to hold by S. Lukes horne. (Exe.

Enter Simplicite and Dincerite.

Sinc. Good coosen Simplicite do something for me.

Simp. Yes faith coosen Dincerite, ile do any thing for thee  
What wouldest thou haue me do for thee canst tell that?

Das. I cannot tell what shouldest do for me, except thou wouldest giue me  
a new hat.

Sinc. Das I am not able to giue thee a new.

Simp. Why then I maruell how thou doest doe:

Doest thou get thy living amongst beggars from doore to doore?

Indeed coosen Dincerite, I thought thou w<sup>e</sup>ll not so poore.

Sinc. May coosen Simplicite I got my living hardly but yet I hope iust  
End with good Conscience too although I am restrained from my lust,

But this it is coosen Simplicite, I w<sup>e</sup>ll request you do for me:

which is, to get Lady Loue, and Lady Conscience hand to a letter:

That by their menes I may get some benefice to make me liue the better

Simp. Yes I<sup>e</sup> do so much for thee coosen, but hast thou any heire?

A pithie and pleasant Comœdie  
Sincer. I behald they are ready dralme, if assined they were.

Let Simplicite make as though he read it, and looke quite  
ouer, meane while let Conscience enter.

Simp. Let me see cooslen, for I can read:

Was tis brauely done, didst thou it indeed?

Whilis Conscience, I haue a matter to bequest you too.

Con. What ist? I doubt not but tis some wise thing if it be for you.

Simp. Marke my cooslen Sincerite, had bespre to scribe these papers here  
That he may get some preferment, but I know not where.

Con. Be these your letters? what would you haue me doe, and how shall  
I call ye?

Sinc. Lady, my name is Sincerite.

Con. And from whence came ye?

Sinc. I came from Oxford, but in Cambridge I studied late,  
Having nothing, thought good if I could, to make better my state.  
But if I had in stead of Divinitie, the Law, Astronomic, Astrologie,  
Philosophie, Palmestrie, Arithmetike, Logicks, Musike, Physike, or  
any such thing,

I had not doubted then, but to haue had some better living.

But Divines that y<sup>e</sup> each the word of God sincerely and truly,

Are in these dayes little or nothing set by.

God grant the good Preachers be not taken away for our unthankfulness  
There was never more preaching and lesse following, the people lye so  
amisse:

But what is he that may not on the Sabaoth day attend to heare Gods  
But we wil rather run to bowls, sit at the alehouse, than one hour afford:  
Telling a tale of Robin hood, sitting at Cards, playing at kettels, or some  
other vaine thing,

That I feare Gods vengeance on your head it will bring,

God graunt amendment, but Lady Conscience I pray,

In my behalfe unto Lucar do what ye may.

Simp. Was my cooslen can say his booke well, I had not thought it,  
Hes w<sup>r</sup>orth to haue a benefice, and it will hit.

Con. God be blessed Sincerite, for the good comfort I haue of thes.

I would it lay in vs to pleasure such beleue me.

we will do what we can: But vltra posse non e<sup>t</sup> esse, you know,

It is Lucar that hath brought vs poore soules so low.

For we haue sould our house, we are brought so poore,

And feare by her shertly to be shat out of doore.

Yet to subscribe our name we will with all our hart,

Merchandise for our sake some thing she will impatt:

Come hither Simplicite, let me write on thy bache.

Simp. Here is the right picture of that fellow that sits in the corner.

Enter Hospitalite while she is a writing.

Hospit. Lady, me thinks you are busse.

Con. I haue done Sir, I was setting my hand to a letter to Lucar for our  
friend.

of the three Ladies o' London.

freend Sinceritie.

But I would lady Loue were heire too.

Hosp. She is at home with mee, but if it please you, so much in her bed  
halfe the day.

Con. I pray you hartily, and it shall suffice the turne well made.

Good Sumplicite, once more thy body do bote.

Simp. I thinke youle make me serue to be a washing blocke for you.

I would do it for you, but am afraid yonder boy will mocke me.

Hol. No ile warrant thee.

Con. Here take thy letters Sinceritie, & prosperous be they to thee.

Sinc. I yeeld you most hartie thanks my good lady.

Hosp. L. Conscience, please it you to walke home and dine with me.

Con. Thankes my good freend Hospitalitie,

But tell me sir, haue you invited to dinner any straungeres?

Hos. No sure, none but lady Loue, and three or four honest neighbors.

Simp. Was my lady is gotten to dinner already.

I beleue the rose at ten of cloche she is so hungry.

What if I should come to dinner, is there any good cheare?

Hos. There's bread & beare, one toynt of meat, & welcome thy best fare.

Simp. Why, art thou cald Hospitalitie, & hast no better cheare than that  
Faith and thou hast no more meat for so many, thet le neze be fat,  
What if my coessen nay my selfe alone to dinner should come?  
Where should my lady and the rest dine? for I would eat vp euerie crum.  
Thou art an old nuser, doest thou keepe no better fare in thy house?  
Hast no great bagge pudding, nor bogges face, that is called sotose

Hosp. My friend, Hospitalitie doth not consist in great fare and ban-

queting,

But in doing good vnto the poore, and to yeild them some refreshing.

Therefore if thou and Sinceritie will come and take part,

Such as there is ile give you with a free and willing hart.

Exeunt Hospitalitie and Conscience.

Simp. The speakers well coessen, lets go to dinner with him.

the olde man shall not thinke but we will pleasure him.

Faith he might haue richer fellowes to take his part,

But he shall never haue better eating fellowes if hee would smelte his  
heart.

Here be they that will eate with the proudest of them.

For my mother said I could eate as much as five men.

Nay I am sure the gift of eating is giuen to me,

For our Maydes would never beleue I put all the meate in my belly.

But yonder comes a Rnaue, my lady Lucars cogging man,

Give me your letters coessen, ile prefer you if I can.

Enter Dissimulation.

Sinc. Dissimulation, out vpon hym, he shall be no spokeman for me.

Simp. Why then you are a foole coessen Sinceritie,

Give me am then, for I know hele do it for me,

C

Meeting

A pitie and pleasant Comedie

sinc. Beeing thou wylt haue it, heere receive it, but it greeves my hart  
that this dissembling wretch shoulde speake on my part.

simp. Hearre ye sir, I woulde request to liuer this letter,  
to pour good wholesome mistars lady Lucar.

Dissim. wher hast thou it eell met?

simp. Mary of my cooslen Sinceritie.

Dissim. why I haue nothing to do in it, tis not to me thou shoulde come.  
I haue not to do with Sincerities matters, tis my fellow Symonies  
roome.

sinc. Thou art a kin to the lawyer, thou wylt do nothing without a fee,  
But thou, fraude, usurie, nor yet Symonie shal haue nothing of me.  
And thou wylt do it, do it, and thou wylt not chuse:  
Both thes and their dealing I hate and refuse.

Dissim. why, and I am not bound to thes so farre as knaue go,  
And therfore in despite of thes and thy cooslen, there thy letters be.  
What, thanks thou by captious wordes to make me do it?  
Let them deliuer your letters that hath a stomacke to it.

simp. Faith cooslen, he is such a testern and semblation knaue,  
that heire do nothing les some bribery he haue.  
Theres a great many such promoting knaues that gets their living,  
with nothing els but facing, lying, swearing and flattery.  
why he has a face like a blacke dogge, and blushest like the bache side of  
a chumney.

Twas not for nothing thy Godfathers a cogging name gaue thes.

Enter Lady Lucar.

But here comes his mistresse lady Lucar.

From cooslen the liuer paue letter.

Mistresse lady Lucar, heires a letter for ye.

Lucar. Hast thou a letter for me?

simp. Yes by saint Marie.

How say you cooslen, she reades your letter?

And you can flatter, perhaps you shall speed better.

sinc. Thou speakest the truth Simplicite, for flatterers now a dayes,  
Iue Gentlemen-like, and with prating get praise.

Lucar. Sir, I haue read the tenure of your letter, wherein I find,  
that at the request of Loue and Conscience I shoulde shew my selfe kinde,  
And beslow some spirituall living on you, parsonage, or benefice,  
For you stand greatly in need, as appeares by this.  
And trust me woulde do for you, but it lies not in me,  
For all such matters are referred to my servant Symonie.  
You must speake to him, and if you can get his good will,  
then be sure of mine, their minds to fulfill.

sinc. Lady, I shall never get his goodwill for want of abilitie,  
For he wylt do nothing except one bring money.  
And if you graunt it not, then it is past all doubt,  
I shall be never the nearer, but go quite without.  
Dissim. Madam, we tell you what you may giue,

Bot

of the three Ladies of London.

Not hurting your self whereby he may live,  
And without my fellow Symonies consent,  
Pf to follow my mind you are any whit bent.

Lucar. Pray thee what is it? for thou knowest while for their house  
I am bargaining.

And to be never so little, I must seeme to do something.

Dil. iiii. Wher haue not you the parsonage of S. Nihil to bestow?  
If you give him that, Symone shall never know.

Lucar. Thou saiest true indeed: where neare Sinceritie,  
Loe for their sakes I will destow frankly on thee,  
The parsonage of saint Nihil ile gine thee to pleasure them withall,  
And such another to it, if thou wach till it fall.

Simp. My lady axes you when you will take possession of your house,  
and lend the rest of the money.

Lucar. What are they so hastie? be like they spent it merrily.

Simp. Faith no, for they would eat it if they could get it, when they  
are a hungry.

But you may be happy, for you haue sped wel to day (speaking to Sincerity)  
You may thanke God and good company that you came this way,  
The parsonage of S. Michells, but I ade if you haue nothing els,  
you shall be sure of a hasting, beside a good ring of Wels.

Cooslen, ile tell thee what thou shalt do, sell the bals and make money,  
sinc. Thou maiest well be Simplicite for thou shewest thy folly.

I haue a parsonage, but of what? of saint Nihil, and Nihil is nothing,  
Then where is the Church, or any Wels for to ring?

Thou understandest her not, she was set for to flout,

I thought comming in their names I should go without,  
It is ealle to see that Lucar ioues not Loue and Conscience:

But God I trust will one day yeild her just recompence.

Simp. Cooslen, you said that some thing to me you would giue,  
When you had gotten preferment of Lucar to live:

And I trust you will remember your poore cooslen Simplicite,  
you know to lady Conscience and ery body I did speake for you.

sinc. Good Simplicite hold thy peace, my state is yet nought,  
I will helpe thee sure, if euer I get ought.

But here comes sir Nicholas Nemo, to him I will go,  
And see if for their sakes he will any thing bestow.

Enter sir Nicholas Nemo.

Nemo. You come from Loue and Conscience, a knyfemeth me here,  
My speciall good friends, whom I account of most deare,  
And you are called Sinceritie, your state shewes the same,  
you are welcome to me for their sakes, and for your owne name,  
And for their sakes you shall see what I will do for you,  
Without Dissimulation, Fraud, Miserie, or Symonie:  
For they wold do nothing without some kind of gaine,  
Such cankered corruption in their harts doth remaine.  
But come in to dinner with me, and when you haue dindre,

## A pittie and pleasant Comedie

you shall haue.

Presently go on.

Sinc. You shall haue, but what a living that is blowne downe with  
the wnde.

Simp. How cossen dismember your frends, seeing two luyngs you haue  
One that this man promist, and another that lady I wear gaue.

Was youl be a jolly man and you had three or fourre more.

Let us beg apace cossen, and we shall get vs great stoe.

Do thou get some more letters, and we get them scribed of mistars Love  
and Conscience.

And wele go beg luyngs together, wele beg no small pence.

How latell thou coassen we do so mich?

If we can speake faire and semble, we shall be plague rich.

Sinc. Good Simplicie content that, I am never the better for this.

But of soþe must leau off, seeing how vaine it is.

For bootes it Dinceritie to looke for relief.

So fewe regard that to me is a greefe.

This was Nicholass Memo, and no man hath no place,

then how can I speed well in this kind of case?

And no man bid me to dinner, when shall I dine?

O: how shall I find him, where, when, and at what time?

Wherfore the reliefe had and to be had is small,

But to weare truth, the reliefe is nothing at all.

But come Simplicie, let vs go see what may be had,

Dinceritie in these daies was sure boþne to be sad.

Simp. Come lets go to dinner coassen, for the Gentleman I think hath  
almost vnde.

But if I get vittels enough we warrant you we not be behind.

Sinc. What if thou canst not get it, then how will thou eate?

Simp. Marry on this fashion, with both hands at once, ye shall see when  
I get meate.

Sinc. Why his name was Memo, and Memo hath no beesting.

Simp. I beleue coassen you be not hungry, that you stand prating.

Faith we go do him a pleasure, because he hath need.

Why and he needs haue meate eate, a shall see how we feed.

I beleue he will not bid me come againe to him,

Was and he do, a shall find a fellow that has his eating.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Usurie and Conscience.

Usu. Lady Conscience, is there any body within your house can you  
tell?

Con. There is no body at all be ye sure, I know certainly well.

Usu. You know when one comes to take possession of any peecce of land

There must not be one within, for against the order of lawe it doþ  
lend.

Therefore I thought good to aske you, but I pray you thinke not a  
misse:

For both you, and almost all other knowes, that an old custome it is,

You

of the three Ladies of London.

Con. You say truth, take possession when you please, good leave have ye.  
Doubt you not, there is neither man, woman, nor child, that will or shall  
hinder you.

Viu. Why then I will boldly enter.

Exit.

Con. Which is more bold than Usurie to benter?  
We maketh the matter dangerous where is no need at all,  
But he thinks it not perillous to secke every mans fall:  
Both he and Lucar hath to pincht us, we know not what to doe,  
Were it not for Hospitalitie, we knew not whither to goe.  
Great is the miserie that we poore ladies abide,  
And much more is the crueltie of Lucar and Usury besyde.  
O Conscience, thou art not accounted of. O Loue, thou art little set by,  
For almost every one, true loue, and pure conscience both denie:  
So hath Lucar crept into the bosomie of man, woman and child,  
That euery one both practise his deare friend to beguile.  
But God graunt Hospitalitie be not by them ouer prest,  
In whom all our stay and chiefest comfort doth rest:  
But Usurie hates Hospitalitie and cannot hym abide,  
Because he for the poore and comfortless doth provide.  
Here he comes, that hath undone many an honest man,  
And daily seeks to destroy, deface, and bring to ruine if he can.  
Molto sir, haue you take possession as your deare lady will gone.

Enter Usurie.

Vsu. I haue done, and I thinke you haue received your money,  
But this to you: my lady will me to bid you provide some other house  
out of hand,  
For she would not by her will haue Loue and Conscience to dwell on  
her land:

Therefore tis best to provide y<sup>e</sup>rs  
So shall you save charges, for a lesse house may serue ye.

Con. I pray you hartily let us stay there, and we will be content  
to give you tenne pound a yeare, which is the olde rent.

Viu. Ten pound a yeare, that were a stale feaste,  
If I should take the olde rent to folloe your request:  
Pay after fortie pound a yeare you shall have it for a quarter,  
And you may thinke too, you are befriended in this matter:  
But no longer than for a quarter to you ile set it,  
For my lady perhaps will sell it, or to some other wil let it.

Con. Well, sith we are blyuen to this hard and bitter dist,  
Wee accept it, and are contented to make bare and hard chise.

Viu. When get you gone, and let at a day your rent be readie.

Con. Wee must haue patience perforce, seeing there is no remedie.

Exit Conscience.

Vsu. What a foole was I to let it so reasonable?  
I might so well haue had after threescore, as such a trifle,

A pitthe and pleasant Comedie  
For seeing they were distressed they would haue giuen largely.  
I was a right sor, but ile be ouerseen no moze belesue me.

Enter Mercadore.

Merc. Wh my good a friend M. Ursie, be my troth you be very well  
mette:

Me be much beholding to you for your good will, me be in your debt.  
But a me take a your part so much against a scul shurie cald hospitaltie:  
Did speake against you, and sayes you bring good honest men 'o beggery.

Viu. I thanke you sir, did he speake such euill of me as now you say?

I doubt not: but to reward him for his trecherie one day.

Merc. But I pray tell a me how fare a my lady all dis whiles?

Viu. Marie well sir, and here she comes if my selfe I do not beguile.

Enter Lucas.

Luc. Detheneor Mercadore, I haue not seene you this many a day,  
I maruell what is the cause you kept so long away  
Merc. Whall me say to you Madama, dat me haue had such businesse  
for you in hand,

For send away good commodities out of dis little countrey England:  
We haue now sent over brass, copper pewter, and many odar ting,  
And for dat me shall ha for Gentlewoman's fine trifles, that great profit  
will bring.

Luc. I perceive you haue beene mindfull of me, so; whiche I thanke  
yee:

But Ursie tell me, how haue you sped in that you went about?

Viu. Indifferently Lady, you need not to doubt,

I haue taken possession, and because they were destitute,  
I haue let it for a quarter my tale to conclude.

Whare I haue a little raised the rent, but it is but after forty pound by  
the yeare:

But if it were to let now, I would let it more deare.

Luc. Indeed it is but a trifle, it makes no matter,

I force it not greatly, being but for a quarter.

Merc. Madona inc a you dat you shall do, let dem to straunger dat  
are content,

To dwel in a little roome, and pay much rent:

For you know da Frenchmans and Flemings in dis country be many,  
So dat they make sh:ft to be ten houses in one very gladly.

And be content a so; pay fiftie or threescore pound a yeare,

For dat which da Englishmans say twenty marke is too deare.

Luc. Detheneor Mercadore, thinke you not that I

Haue infinite numbers in London that my want doth supply.

Reside in Brisol, Northampton, Norwich, Westchester, Canterbury,  
Dover, Sandwiche, Rye, Poizmouth, Plimouth, and many mo,

That

of the three Ladies of London.

That great rents vpon little roome do bestow.  
Yes I warrant you, and truly I may thanke the straungers for this,  
Tha: they haue made houses so deare, whereby I live in blisse.  
But seneor Mercadore, dare you to trauell vndertake:  
And go amongst the Moores, Turkes, and Pagans for my sake?  
Merca, Madona, me dare go to de Turkes, Moores, Pagans, and  
more too;  
What do me care and me go to da great deuill for you.  
Commaund a me Madona, and you shall see plaine,  
Data for your sake me refusa no paine.

Luc. Then seneor Mercadore I am forthwith to send you  
from hence, to search for some new toyes in Barbary or in Turkie,  
Such trifles as you thinke will please wantons best:  
For you know in this country tis their chiefeſt request.

Merca. Indeed de Gentlewoman haue buy so much vaine toyes,  
Dat me straungers laugh a to cinke boherein da haue deir toyes.  
Fait Madona me will search all da strange countries me can tell,  
But me will haue such tings dat please deir Gentlewoman bell.

Luc. Why then let vs provide things ready to haſt you away.  
Merca, A bouers commaundemento Madona me obay.

Excunt.

Enter Symonic, and Peter Pleaseman like a Priest.

Sym. Now proceed with thy tale and ile heare thee.

Peter. And so sir as I was about to tell you,

This same Presco, and this same Cracko, be both my parishioners nome,  
And sir they fell out inuariously about you:  
The same Cracko tooke your part, and said that the Clergie  
Was maintained by you, and vpholden very wo:shipfullly.  
So sir, Presco he would not graunt that in any case,  
But said that you did corrupt the clergie, and dishono: that holy place.  
Now sir I was weary to heare them at such great strife,  
For I loue to please men so long as I haue lif:z:  
Therefo:re I beseech your maistership to speake to Lady Lucar,  
That I may be her Chaplaine, or else to serue her.

Sym. What is your name?

Peter. Sir Peter.

Sym. What more?

Peter. Forsooth Pleaseman.

Sym. Then your name is Sir Peter Pleaseman.

Peter. Yea forsooth.

Sym. And please man too now and than,

Peter. You know that homo is indifferent.

Sym. Now surely a good scholler in my iudgement,

I pray you of what Uniuersitie were you?

Peter. Of no Uniuersitie truely.

A pittie and pleasant Comedie

Mary I haue gorne to schoole in a Colledge, where I haue studid thre  
o: thre places of Divinitie:

And all for lady Lucars sake, sir you may stedfastly beleue me.

Syn. May I beleue ye but of what religion are you can ye tell?

Peter. Mary sic of all religions, I know not my selfe very well.

Symo. You are a Protestant now, and I thinke to that now wil grant

Peter. Indeed I haue beeue a Catholickie, mary now for the most parte  
a Protestant.

But and if my service may please her, batke in your care sir,  
I warrant you my religion shall not offend her.

Symo. You say well, but if I helpe you to such great preferment,  
Would you be willing for my paine,  
I shall haue yearely batke the gatne.

For it is reason you know that if I helpe you to a living,  
That you shold unto me be somewhat beholding.

Peter. Dea sir, and reason good, sle be as your mastership please,  
I care not what you do, so I may liue at ease.

Symo. Then this man is answered, sir Peter plasman come with me,  
And Ile preferre you straight way to my ladie.

Peter. Oh sir I thankes ye.

Excuse.

Enter Simplicite with a basket on his arme.

Simp. You thinke I am going to market to buy rost meat, do ye not?  
But see how you are deceived, for well I wot,  
I am neither going to the Butchers to buy mutton, beale nor beke,  
But am going to a bloudsucker, and who is it? faith Ursie that thre.  
With Urs, twas no marchale he vndood my father that was called Blaine  
dealing,

when he has vndone my Lady and Conscience too with his blusing.  
Trust him not sirs, for hele flatter bonacion and sore,  
till he has gotten the Wakers vantage, then hele turns you out of doore.

Enter Dissimulation.

Dissim. Simplicite, now of minz honestie very hartily well met,  
Simp. What Semblation sware not, for thou swarest by that thou  
couldst never get:

Thou haue honestie now? thy honestie is quite gone:  
Mary thou hadst honestie at xi. of clocke, but it went from you ere noone:  
Whr, how canst thou haue honestie, when it dare not come ne the?  
I warrant Semblation, he that has lesse honestie than thou, may  
desse thee:

thou hast honestie: irreverence, come out dogge, where art thou?  
Euen as much honestie as hath my mothers great hoggish sow:  
So faith thou maist put out mine eye with honestie, & thou hadst it here,  
Hast noe left it at the alehouse in gage for a pot of strong beere?

Page

of the three Ladies of London.

Dissim. Pray thee leue prating Simplicite, and tell me what thou hast there?

Simp. Why, tis nothing for thee, thou doest not deale with such kinde of ware.

Mirra there is no becitt in a bag pudding, is there? no? in a plaine pudding pie:

Mirra ile tell thee, I will not tell thee, and yet ile tell thee, now I mem-  
ber me too:

Canst tell, or wouldest know whither with this parliament I go?

Faith even to Suckswill the fellow Ulurie I am sent,

With my lady Loues golde, and lady Conscience too, for a quarters  
rent.

Dissim. I las poore lady Loue, art thou driven so low?

Some little pittance on thec ile bestow.

Hold Simplicite, carry her thre or fourre Duckats from me,

And command me to her even very hartily.

Simp. Duche egges, yes ile carry them, and twere as many as this  
would holde.

Dissim. Wush thou knowest not what I meane, take this, tis golde.

Simp. Has tis golde indeed, why, wylt lend away thy golde, hast thou  
no more need?

I thinke thou art growne plaguy rich with thy dissimbling trade,

But ile carry my ladie the gold, for this wylt make her well spaid.

Dissim. And sir, a, carry lady Loues golde backe againe, for my fel-  
low Ulurie

Shall not haue her golde, I am sure so much he wylt befriend me,

Simp. But what shal Conscience golde do, shall I carry it backe againe

Dissim. May, let Conscience golde and I to Ulurie go. (two)

If no body cared for Conscience more than I,

They woulde hang her vp like bacon in a chimney to drye.

Simp. Faith I told thee thou caredst not for Conscience nor honestie:

I thinke indeed it wylt never be the death of thee,

But ile go conspach my arrant so sone as I can tell ye,

For now I ha golde, I woulde faine haue some good meat in my belly.

Exit.

Dissim. May ile hit me after, that I may send back lady Loues golde,  
For I woulde not haue Loue bought quite out of towne.

May for Conscience tut, I care not two strawes,

Why I shoulde take care to her, I know no kind of cause. Exit.

Enter Hospitalite.

Hosp. Oh what shal I say? Ulurie hath vndone mee, and now he  
hates me to the death.

And seekes by all meanes possible for to bereave me of breath.

I cannot rest in any place, but he hunts and followes me every where,

That I know no place to abide, I live so much in feare,

But out alas, here comes he that wyl shorzen my daies,

Enter Ulurie.

D

Vn.

A pythie and pleasant Comedie

Vnu. O haue I caught your olde gray beard, you be the man whome  
the people so praise:

You are a franke Gentleman, and full of liberalitie.

Why, who had all the praise in London or England, but M. Hospitalitie?  
But the maister you not to hold you a groat.

Hos. What will you kill me for?

Vnu. Sir, ile do nothing but cut thy throte.

Hos. O helpe, helpe, helpe so; Gods sake.

Enter Conscience running apace.

Con. What lamentable crie was that I heard one makes?

Hos. O lady Conscience, now or never helpe me.

Con. Why, what wyl thou do with him Ulurie?

Vnu. What wyl I do with him? mary cut his throte, and then no more.

Con. O daulth thou not remember that thou shalt dearly answere for  
Hospitalitie that good member, restraine it therefore.

Vnu. Refraine me no restraining, nor answere me no answering.

The matter is answere well enough in this thing,

Con. For Gods sake spare him, for countray sake spare him, for pitie sake  
spare him, for Loue sake spare him, for Conscience sake forbear him.

Vnu. Let countray, pitie, Loue, Conscience, & all go in respect of my selfe,  
we shall die, come ye feeble wretches, ile dresse ye like an eise.

Con. But yet Ulurie, consider the lamentable crie of the poore,  
for lacke of Hospitalitie, fatherlesse children are turned out of doore.

Consider againe the complainte of the sicke, blind and lame,

That will crie unto the Lord for vengance on thy head in his name.

Is the feare of God so farre from thee that thou hast no feeling at all?

O repente Ulurie, leaue Hospitalitie, and for mercie at the Lords hande

call.

Vnu. Leave prating Conscience, thou canst not mollisse my hart,

He shall in despite of thee and all other feare his deadly smare.

Pet ile not commit the murther openly,

But hale the villaine into a corner, and so kill him secretly.

Come ye miserable drudge, and receive thy death.

Hale him in.

Hos. Helpe good lady, helpe, he will stop my breath.

Con. Mas I woulde helpe thee, but I haue not the power.

Hos. fare well lady Conscience, you shall haue Hospitalitie in London  
nor England no more.

Con. O helpe, helpe helpe some good bodie.

Enter Distimulation and Simplicitie hastily.

Distim. Who is that calles for helpe so hastily?

Con. Out alas thy fellow Ulurie hath killed Hospitalitie.

Simp. Molo Gods blessing on his heart, why twas time he were dead,  
he was an olde churle, with neuer a good tooth in his head.

And he neare kept no good cheare that I could see:

for if one had not come at dinner time, hee shoud haue gone alway  
hungrie.

of the three Ladies of London.

I could never get my belly full of meat,  
She had nothing but beefe, bread and cheese for me to eate.  
Now I would haue had some Pyes or bag puddings with great lumps  
of fat:  
But he did keepe my mouth well enough from that.  
Faith and he be dead, he is dead, let him go to the devill and he will,  
Or if he wil not go thither, let hym even lie there still.  
He were make a lamentation for an olde churche,  
For he has liue a great while, and now tis time that he were out of the  
worlde.

Enter Luc w.

Luc. What Conscience, thou lookst like a poore pigeon full of late.  
Con. What Lucar, thou lookst like a whore full of deadly hate.  
Luc. I las Conscience, I am sorry for thee, but cannot weepe.  
Con. Alas Lucar, I am sorry for thee that thou canst no honestie keepe  
But such as thou art, such art thy attenders on thee,  
It appeares by thy servant Ursurie, that hath killid that good member  
Hospitalitie.  
Simp. Faith Hospitalitie is killid, and hath made his will,  
And hath given Dissimulation thre trees vpon a high hill.  
Luc. Come hither Dissimulation, and hie you hence so fast as you may  
And helpe thy fellowe Ursurie to conuey himselfe out of the way,  
Further, will the Justices, if they chaunce to see him, not to know hym,  
Or know hym, not by any meanes to hinder hym.  
And they shall commaund thuse so much at my hand.  
Go trudge, runne out awaie, how drest thou stands  
Dissim. May good lady send my fellowe Symonie,  
For I haue an earnest suite to ye.  
Luc. Then Symonie go do what I haue willed.  
Sym. I runne Madam your mind shall be fulfilled. exit.  
Con. Well well Lucar, video & rase, I see and say nothing:  
But I feare the plague of God on thy head it will bring.  
Dissim. Good lady graunt that Loue be your waiting maid,  
For I thinke beeing brought so lowe, she will be well apaid.  
Luc. Speakest thou in good earnest, or doest thou but dissimble?  
I knowe not how to haue thee, thou art so varieable.  
Dissim. Lady, though my name be Dissimulation, yet I speake honest  
fide now.  
If it please you my petitions to allowe.

Enter Symonie.

Luc. Stand by, Ile answere thee anon: what newes Symonie  
Bringest thou of thy fellowe Ursurie?  
Sym. Many madam good newes: for Ursurie lies close  
hid in a rich mans house, that will not let hym loose.  
Buttill they see the matter brought to a good ende.

A pythic and pleasant Comedie  
For Usurie in this countrey hath many a good friend:  
Indiate I saw hospitalite carried to buryeng.

Luc. I pray thee tell me who were they that followed him?  
sym. There were many of the clergie, and many of the nobilitie.  
And many right worshipfull rich Citizens,  
Substantiall, gratiouse and very wealthie Farmars.  
But to see how the poore followed him it was a wonder,  
Neuer yet at any buriall was seene such a number.

Luc. But what say the people to the murder?  
sym. Many are sorry, and say tis great pitie that he was slaine.  
But why be they? the poore beggarly people that so complaine:  
As for the other they say twas a cruell bloudy fact,  
But I perceiue none will hinder the murderer for this cruell act.

Luc. Tis well, I am glad of it, now Disimulation if thou canst get  
Lones good will.

I am contented with all my heart to graunt there vntill.  
Dilsim. Thankes to you ladie, and I doubt not but he  
With a little intreatie will thereto agree.

simp. Now I haue it in my breeches, and very well can tell,  
That I and my ladie with missars Lucar shall dwell.  
But if I be her seruynge fellow, and dwell there,  
I must learne to cog lie, forst and swaere.  
And surely I shall never learne, marie and twere to lie a bed all day.  
To that kind of lying I should give a good say.  
Or if twere to eate ones meat, then I knew what for to do.  
How say you serra, can I not, ile be drudge by you?

Luc. Now to you little mouse, did I not tell you before,  
That I shold ere twere long turne you both out of doore?  
How say you pretie loule, ist come to passe, yea or no?  
Me thinke I haue puld your peacockes plumes somewhat low.  
And yet you be so stout as though you felt no griefe,  
But ere it be long you will come puling to me to: relieve.

Con. Well Lucar well, you know pride will haue a fall:  
What availeth it thee to win the world, and loole thy soule withall?  
Yet better it is to liue with littel, and keepe a conscience cleare,  
Which is to God a sacrifice, and accounted of most deare.

Luc. Nay Conscience, and you be bookish ile leaue ye,  
And the cold ground to comfort your feet ile bequeath ye.  
Me thinke you being so deeplie learned, may do well to keepe a schoole. Y  
wher, I haue leene so eunning a Clarke in time to proue a foole.

Exiunt Lucar and Symonic.

Simp. Serra, if thou sholdst marry my Lady thou woldst keepe her  
For me thinkes thou art a plague rich knaue. (braue.

Dilsim. Rich I am, but as for knaue keepe to thy selfe.

Come give me my Ladiees gowne thou assheaded else.

simp. Wher ile go with thee, for I must dwell with my Lady.

Dilsim. Packe hence away, I aye Druins entainment, he will none  
of

of the three Ladies of London.

Exe.

of thee.

Simp. This is as my coffen and I went to M. Mimos houe,  
There was no man to bid a dog drinke, or to change a man a louie.

But lady Conscience (nay who there) scratch that name away.

Can she be a lady that is turned out of all her array?

Do not be cald no more lady, and if you be wise,

Fro; every bodie will mocke you, and say you be not woorthe two butter

Con. What remedie M'plicite? I cannot do withall;

But what shall we do? or whereto shall we fall?

Simp. Why to our vittails, what else haue we to do?

And marke if I cannot eate twenty times so much as you,

Con. If I go lie in an Inne, it will greeue me to see,

The deceit of the Ostler, the powling of the Tayster, as in most houses

lodging they be,

If in a brewers house, at the ouer plentie of water, and scarcenes of malt

I should greeue,

Wherby to enrich themselves, all other with unsauoy thynges drinke they  
deceive.

If in a Canners house, with his great deceit in tanning,

If in a Dreauers house, with his great cosening in weauing.

If in a Bakers house, with light bread, and very euill working.

If in a Chaundlers with deceitfull weights, false measures, selling for a  
halfepeyne that is scant woorthe a farthing.

And if in an Alehouse, with the great resort of poore vrchisites, that with  
swearing at the Cardes consume their dues,

Hauing greater delight to spend a shilling that way, than a groat at  
home to sustaine their needie children and wifes.

For which I judge it best for me to get some solitary place,

Where I may with patience this my heauie crosse imbrace,

And earne to sell broume, wherby to get my living,

Using that as a quiet meane to keepe my selfe from begging;

Wherefore M'plicite if thou wilt do the like,

settle thy scite to it, and with true labour thy living do seeke.

Exe: Conscience.

Simp. No faith M. Conscience ile not so; and I should sell broume,  
the M'ades would cossen me too competually with their olde stowne.

And so I cannot wike, and you would hang me out of the wap.

So; when I was a muler, wile did grind the meale whyle I did play.

Therefore ile haue as easie an occupation as I had when my Father  
was aliue,

Faith ile go even a begging, why tis a good trade, a man shall be sure to  
thiue.

For I am sure my p;ayers will get bread and cheese, and my Singing will  
get me drinke.

Then shall not I do better than M. Conscience? tell me as you thinke.

Therefore God Pan in the kitchin, and God Pot in the buttery,

Come and resist me, that I may sing with the moxe mellostic.

A pythic and pleasant Comedie

But sirs, marke my cauled countenance when I begin,  
But yonder is a fellow that gapes to bite me, or els to eate that which  
I sing.

Why thou art a foole, canst not thou keepe thy mouth strait together?  
And when it comes snap at it as my fathers dogge wold do at a liuer,  
But thou art so greedie,  
That thou thinkest to eate it before it come neare thee.

Simplicitie singe.

Simplicitie sings, and sperience doth proue,  
No biding in London for Conscience and Loue,

The Country hath no peare,  
whens Conscience comes not once a yeare  
And Loue so welcome to every towne,  
as windes that blowes the houses dobone.

Sing dobone adowne, dobone, dobone, dobone,  
Simplicitie sings it, and sperience doth proue,  
No dwelling in London for Conscience and Loue.

Simp. Now sirs, hast eaten by my song: and ye haue ye shall eate no  
more to day,  
For every body may see your belly is growne bigger with eating by our  
play.

He has fillid his belly but I am newer a whit the better,  
Therfore we go seeke some vittels, and member for eating by my song  
you shall be my debtor.

Enter Mercadorus the Merchant, and Gerontus a Jewe.

Gerom, But seneor Mercadorus tell me, did ye serue me well or not?  
That having gotten my money woud seeme the country to forgo:  
You know I sent you two thousand duckats for threemonthes space,  
And ere the time came you got another thousand by flatterie, and thy  
smooth face.

So when the time came that I should haue received my money,  
You were not to be found, but were fled out of the countrey,  
Surely if we that be Jewes shoud deale so one with an other,  
we shoud not be trusted againe of our owne brother  
But many of you Christians make no conscience to falsifie your faith  
and breake your day.

I shoud haue beene paid at threemonthes end, and now it is two yeare  
you haue beene away.

Well I am glad you be come againe to Turbie now I trust I shall re-  
ceive the interest of you so well as the principall

Merca. A good a maister Geronto pay hartly bare a me a little while,  
And me shal pay ye all without any deceit or guile:  
We haue much busynesse for buy pretie knacks to send to England.  
Good sir, beare a me loute firs daies, mele dispatch your money out of  
hand.

Seneca

of the three Ladies of London;

Geron. Geronor Mercadore, I know no reason why, because you haue  
dealt with me so ill,  
Sure you did it not for need, but of set purpose and will:  
And to beare with ye four or five dares goes soe against my mind,  
Least you should steale away, and forget to leaue my money behinde.  
Merca. Iza hartinly do tink no such thing my good friend a me,  
Be me troth and fact mele pay you all every peny.  
Geron. I le take your faith and troth once more, & trust to your honesty  
In hope that for my long tarryng you will deale wel with me:  
Tell me what good ware for England you do lache.  
Merca. O no lache some pretie fine toy, or some fantastiche new knack  
For da Gentlewoman in England buy mush rings for fantasie:  
You pleasure a me sir, bat me meane a bare buy.  
Geron. I understand you sir, but keepe turch with me, and le bring  
you to great store,  
Such as I know you came to this country for:  
As Muske, Amber, sweete powders, fine odors pleasant perfumes,  
and many such toyes,  
Wherein I perceiue consisteth that country Gentlewoman toyes.  
Besides I haue Diamonds, Rubies, Emerodes, Saphires, Smar-  
dines, Oyalles, Onacles, Jacynthes, Aggates, Turkesir, and almost  
of all kind of pretious stones:  
And many sic things to sucke money from such greene headed wantons.  
Merca. Fatta me good friend me tanke you in ist hartinly alway,  
We shall a content your debt within dis two or tree day.  
Geron. Well, see you hold your promise, and another tune you shall  
commaund me.  
Come, go to e hoine, where our commodities you may at pleasure see.

Enter Conscience, with broomes at her backe, sing-  
ing as followeth.

Reb broomes, greene broomes, will you buy any,  
Come maidens, come quickly, let me take a penny.

My broomes are not steepled,  
but berr well bound:  
My broomes be not crooked,  
but smooch cut and round.  
I wish it should please you  
to buy of my broome,  
Then woulde it well case me,  
if market were done.

Hauie you any olde bootes,  
or any olde shooes:  
Pouch rings or Buskins,  
to cope for new broome.  
If so you haue maidens,  
I pray you bring hither:  
Tha you and I friendly  
may bargen together.

Reb broomes, greene broomes, will you buy any:  
Come Maidens, come quickly, let me take a penny.

# A pythic and pleasant Comedie

Conscience speaketh.

Thus am I dauen to make a vertue of necessarie,  
Iud seeing God almighty will haue it so, I imbrace it thankfully  
Desiring God to mollifie and lessien Usurie hard heart,  
That the poore people feele not the like penurie and smart:  
But Usurie is made tollerable amongst Christians as a necessary thing  
So that going beyond the limits of our law, they extort, and manie to  
miserie bring.  
But if we should follow Gods law, we shold not receive aboue that we  
lend.  
For if we lend for reward how can we say we are our neigbors frende  
O how blessed shall that man be that lends without abuse:  
But thysse accursed shall he be that greatly couets vse:  
For he that couets ouer much insatiacie is his minde,  
So that to periurie and crueltie he wholly is inclinde:  
Dtherewith they sore oppresse the poore, by diuers sundrie waies,  
which makes them cry unto the Lord to shorthen cutthrote dayes:  
Paulie calleth them theues that doth not give the needie of their poore,  
And thysse accurst ars they that take one penny from the poore,  
But while I stand reasoning thus I forget my market cleane,  
And sith God hath ordained this way, I am to vse the meane.

Sing againe.

Haue ye any olde shooes, or haue ye any bootes, haue ye any buskins, or will  
ye buy any brooke.  
With the bargens or chopes with Conscience, what will no customer comes

Enter Usurie.

Usu. Who is it that cries broomes, what Conscience selling broomes  
about the street?

Con. What Usurie, it is great pittie thou art vnhangred yet.

Usu. Believe me Conscience, it greeves me thou art brought so low.

Con. Believe me Usurie it greeves me thou wast not hanged long ago  
for if thou hadst beene hanged before thou felwest Hospitalitie,  
Thou hadst not made me and thousands more to feele the like pouertie.

Enter Lucar.

Luc. We thought I heard one cry broomes along the doore.

Usu. I mary Madam it was Conscience, who seemes to be offendes  
at me verie soore.

Luc. Alas Conscience, art thou become a poore broome wife?

Con. Alas Lucar, will thou continue a harlot all dayes of thy life?

Luc. Alas me thinks it is a griesse to thee that thou art so poore.

Con. Alas Lucar, me thinks it is no paine to thee that thou still  
plathest the whoore.

Luc. Dacil well Conscience, that sharpe tongue of thine hath not beeene  
thy furtherance.

of the three Ladies of London.

If thou hadst kept thy tongue, thou hadst kept thy friend, and not haue  
had such hinderance.

But wottest thou who shall be married to morrow?

Loue with my Disimulation:

For I thinke to bid the geese, they are by this time well nre gone,  
And hauing occasion to buy broomes, I care not if I buy them all.

Con. Then giue me a shilling, and with a good will haue them you  
shall.

Luc. Usurie, carry in these broomes, and giue them to the mayd.

For I know of such store she will be well apaid.

Exit Usurie with the broomes.

Hold Conscience, though thy broomes be not worth a quarter so much,  
Yet to giue thee a peece of gold I do it not grutch:

And if thou wouldest folow my mind, thou shouldest not live in such sorte,  
But passe thy daies with pleasure store of every kind of sport.

Con. I thinke you lead the world in a string, so; every body followes  
you,

And siche every one doth it, why may not I do it too:

For that I see your free heart and great liberalitie,  
I maruell not that all people are so willing to folloke re.

Luc. Then sweet soule, marke what I woulde haue thee do for me,

That is to decke up thy poore Cottage han somelie:

And for that purpose I haue ffeine theusland crownes in store,  
And when it is spent thou shalt haue twise so much more.

But onely see thy roomes be neat when I shall thither refore,  
With familiar friends to passe the time in sport:

For the Deputie, Constable, and spitefull neigbours do spie, prie, and eys  
about my house:

That I dare not be once merris within but still mute like a mouse.

Con. My good ladie Lucar, I will fulfill your mind in every kind of  
thing,

So that you shall be welcome at all houres, whosoever you bring.

And all the dogs in the towne shall not barke at your doings I trow,

For your full p;erence and intent I do througheley know,

Euen so well as if you had opened the very secrets of your hart,

For which I doubt not but to rest in your fauour by my desart.

But here comes your man Usurie.

Enter Usurie.

Luc. Ile send him home for the money.

Usurie, steppe in and bring mee the boxe of all abomination that stands  
in the windowe:

It is little and round, painted with divers colours, and is pretty to the  
show.

Viu. Madam, is there any superscription thereon?

Luc. Haue I not tolde you the name: for shame get you gone.

Well my wench, I doubt not but our pleasures shall excell,

C

Seeing

A pythic and pleasant Comædie

Seeing thou hast got a corner sit where few neigbors dwelle,  
And they be of the poorest sort which fits our turne so right:  
Because they dare not speake against our sports and sweet delight,  
And if they should (alas) their wordes would nought at all be wary,  
And so to speake before my face, they will be all afraid.

Enter Vsuric with a painted Boxe of ynce  
in his hande.

Vsu. Madam, I deeme this same be it, so farre as I can gesse.  
Luc. Thou saiest the truthe, tis it in deed, the outside shewes no lesse.  
But Vsuric I thinke Dissimulation hath not seene you since your comming home,  
therefore go see him, he will reioice when to him you are shewne,  
It is a busie time with him, helpe to further him if you can.  
Vsu. He may command me to attend at boord to be his man.  
Exit Vsuric,

Here let Lucar open the Boxe, and dip her finger in it, and  
spot Conscience face, laying as followeth.

Luc. Hold here my sweet, and then over to see what doth want,  
the more I do behold this face, the moze my mind doth vaunt:  
This face is of fauour, these cheeke are reddy and white,  
these lips are cherrie red, and full of deepe delight,  
Quicke roving eyes, her temples high, and her head white as snowe,  
Her eye-browes seemely set in frame, with dimpled chinne belowe:  
O how beautie hath adornd thee with every seemly hue,  
In lummes, in looks, with all the rest proportion keeping due:  
Sure I have not seene a finer soule in every kind of part,  
I cannot chuse but kisse thee with my lips, that loue thee with my  
heart.

Con. I haue told the crownes, and here are tust so many as you to me  
did say.

Luc. Then when thou wilst thou maiest depart, and homewards take  
thy way,

And I pray thee make haste in decking of thy come,  
that I may find thy lodging sone, when with my friend I come.

Con. I le make speed, and where I haue with bosome oftentimes been  
coming.

I meane henceforth not to be seene, but sitte to watch your comming.

Exit Conscience.

Luc. O how ioyfull may I be, that such successe doe finde,  
No maruell, for pouertie and desire of Lucar do force them folloe me  
sunder.

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of the three Ladies of London.

Now may I rejoice in full contentation,  
That shall marry Loue with Dissimulation:  
And haue spotted Conscience with all abomination,  
But I forget my selfe, for I must to the wedding,  
Both vauntingly and flauntingly, although I had no bidding.

Exit Lucas.

Enter Dissimulation and Coggin his man,  
and Symonic.

Cog. Sir, although you be my maister, I would not haue you to by-  
brayd my name,  
But I would haue you vse the right stile and title of the same:  
For my name is neither scoggin nor scragging, but ancient Coggins:  
Sir my ancestors were fles of the fourre worthies,  
And your selfe are of my neare kinne. (ation,  
Dissim. Indeed thou saiest true, for Coggins is a kinsman to Dissim.  
But tell me haue you taken the names of the guestes?  
Cog. Yea sir.  
Dissim. Let me heare after what fashion.

The names of the guestes tolde  
by Coggins.

Cog. There is first and formost maister Forgery, and maister Flattery  
Maister Veriurie, and maister Iniurie:  
Maister Crueltie, and maister Dickerie, maister Wibery, and maister  
Treacherie:  
Maister Winche at horong, and maister Headstrong, mistris priuy thef,  
and maister deepe Deceit, maister Dhomination, and mistris Forni-  
cation his wife, fardinando false-waight, and frissit false-measure  
his wife.  
Dissim. Nay, fornication & frissit false-measure are often familiar  
with my Lady Lucas, and one of them she accounts her friend:  
Therefore they shall sit with the bride in the middest, and the men as  
each ende:  
Let me see, there are sixteene, even as many as well neare is able  
to dine in the sommer parlor at the playing table:  
Beside my fellowe fraud, and you fellowe Symonic,  
But I shall haue a great misse of my fellowe Usurie.

Sym. Take no care for that, he came home yester day even no longer,  
His pardon was quickly begged, and that by a Courtyer.  
And serra, since he came he had like to haue slaine good neighborhord and  
liberalitie,  
Had not true frendship slept betwene them heris sodainly:  
But serra, he hit true frendship such a blow on the eare,  
That he keepes out of all mens sight, for shame or for feare.

A pythie and pleasant Comœdie

Dissim. Now of my troth it is a prettie iest, hath he made true friend-  
ship hide his head?

Sure if it be so, good neighborhod and liberalitie for feare are fied.

Sym. But fellow Dissimulation tel me, what Priest shall marry ye?

Dissim. Mary that shall an old frend of mine M. Doctor Hypocrisie.

Sym. Whyn will you not haue sir Peter Pleasman to supply that want?

Dissim. Indeed sir Peter is a good Priest, but Doctor Hypocrisie is

most auncient.

But cōsen Coggir, I pray you go to iuite the gesse,

And tell them that they need not disturbe their quietnes:

Desire them to come at dinner tyme, and it shall suffise,

Because I know they will be loth so early to rise.

But at any hand will Doctor Hypocrisie,

That he meet vs at the Churche very early:

For I would not haue all the world to wonder at our match.

It is an olde p;ouerbe, tis good hauing a hatch before the doore, but iles  
haue a doore before the hatch.

Cog. Sir, I will about it as fast as I can hit,

He first to that scaide bald knaue Doctor Hypocrisie,

Exit Coggir.

Sym. But fellow Dissimulation, how darest thou marry with Loue,  
bearing no loue at all?

For thou doest nothing but dissemble, then thy loue must needs be  
small.

Thou canst not loue but from the teeth forward,

Sure the wife that marries thee shall highly be prefard.

Dissim. Tush tush, you are a mery man, I warrant I know what I do

And can yeeld a goda reason for it I may say vnto you.

What and if the world shold chauge, and runne all on her side?

Then might I be her meaſs still in good credite abide.

Thou knowest Loue is auncient, and liues peaceably without any  
trouſe.

Then ſure the people will thinke well of me because ſhe is my wife.

Sym. Crift me thou art as crafte to haue an eye to the maine chance,

Is the taylor that out of ſeven yards ſtole one and a halfe of durance.

He ſerved at that tyme the deuill in the likenesse of M. Katherine,

Such Taylo: ſ will thrue, that out of a dublet and a paire of hōſe can  
ſteale their wife an Ipo:nd.

The Dublet ſleeuz th:ee fingers were too ſhort,

The Venetians came nothing neare the knee.

Dissim. Then for to make them long enough I pray thee what did  
hee:z

Sym. Two pieces ſet an handfull broad to lengthen them withall,

Per for all that be low the knee or no meanes they could fall.

He ſeeing that, deſired the partie to buy as much to make another paire,

The partie did, per for all that he ſtole a quarter there.

Dissim. Now ſir, I can hit thanke, he could his occupation:

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of the three Ladies of London.

My fellow **Fraud** would laugh to heare one dress of such a fashion,  
But fellow **Symone**, I thanse you hartily for comparing the **Taples**  
to me.

As who should say his knauerie and my policy did agree.

Sym. Not so, but I was the willunger to tell ther, because I know it  
to be a true tale,

And to see how **Artificers** do extoll **Fraud**, by whom they heare their  
sale.

But come let vs walke, and talke no more of this,  
Your policie was very good, and so no doubt was his.

Exeunt.

Enter **Mercadonus** reading a letter to himselfe, and  
let **Gerontus** the Jew follow him, and  
speake as followeth.

Geron, Heneor, Mercadone, why do you not pay me? thinke you I  
will be mockt in this sort?  
This is threes tunes you haue flouted me, it seemes you make therat  
a sport.

Truly pay me my money and that even nowe presently,  
Or by mightie **Mahomet** I sweare, I will soothwith arrest yee.  
Merca. Ha pray a beare bot me tree or fourre daies, me haue much busi-  
nesse in hand.

Me be troubled wit letters you see heere dat comes from England.  
Geron. Tush this is not my matter, I haue nothing therewith to do,  
Pay me my money or ile make you, before to your lodging you go.  
I haue officers stand watching for you, so that you cannot passe by,  
Therefore you were best to pay me, or else in prisyon you shall lie.

Merca. Arrest me dou shal knaue, mary do if dou dare,  
Me will not pay de one penny, arrest me, do, me do not care,  
Me will be a Turke, me came hedar for dat cause,  
Darefoore me care not for de so much as two strawes.

Geron. This is but your wordes, because you would defeat me,  
I cannot thinke you will for sake your faith so lightly.  
But seeing you drius me to doubt, ile trie your honestie:

Therefore be sure of this, ile go about it presently. (exit.)

Merca. Mary farewell and be hangd, ullen scal drunken Jew,  
I warrant ye me shal be able very well to pay yow,  
My Ladie **Lucar** haue sent me heere dis letter,  
Saying me to cosien de Jew for toue a her.  
Darefoore me go to get a sone Turkes apparell,  
Dat me may cosien da Jew, and end die quatrell. (Exit.)

Enter three Beggers, that is to say, **Tom Beggar**, **Wily**  
**Will**, and **Simplicie** singing.

A pythic and pleasant Comedie

The Song.

To the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding go we,  
To the wedding a beggynge, a beggynge all thre.

**T**om Beggar shall braue it, and wily Will too,  
Humplicitie shall knaue it where ever we go:  
With lusty Wauado, take care that care will,  
To catch it, and snatch it, we haue the braue skill.

Our fingers are lime-twiggis, and Barbars we be,  
To catch sheeres from hedges most pleasant to see:  
Then to the Alewife rounchy we set them to sale,  
And spend the money merily vpon her good ale.

To the wedding, to the wedding, to the wedding go we,  
To the wedding a beggynge, a beggynge all thre.

Tom, How truly my matthers, of all occupations vnder the sun, beggynge is the best,  
For when a man is wearie, then may he lay him downe to rest.  
Tell me, is it not a Lords life in sommer to lollse one vnder a hedge,  
And then leauing that game, may go clepe and coll his Madge?  
Or els may walke to take the wholesome ayre abroad for his delight,  
wher he may tumble on the grasse, haue sweet smels, and see manie a  
pretie sight.  
Why, an Emperour for all his wealth can haue but his pleasure,  
And surely I would not loose my charte of libertie, for all the Kings  
treasure.

Will. Shall I tell thee Tom Beggar, by the faith of a Gentleman,  
this auncient freedome I would not forgo,  
If I might haue whole mynes of money at my will to bestow.  
Then a mans mind should be troubled to keepe that he had,  
And you know it were not for me, it would make my valiant mind mad.  
For now we neither pay Church money, subsidies, fifteens, scot nor lot,  
All the payings we par, is to pay the good ale pot.

Simp. But tellow beggers you coullen me, & take away al the best meat.  
And leaue me nothing but brokone bread, or sinne of fish to eat.  
When you be at the alehouse, you drinke vp the strong ale, and giue me  
small beare:

You tell me tis better than the strong, to make me sing cleare.  
Indeed you know with my singing I get twise as much as ye,  
But and you serue me so, you shall sing your selues, and beg alone for me.  
Tom, we stand prating heere, come let vs go to the gate,  
Mas I am greatly afraid we are come somewhat too late,  
Good gentle M. Porter, your reward do bestow,  
On a poore lame man, that hath but a paire of legges to go.

Will, fe; Gods sake good mas Porter, geue somewhat to the blind,  
that

of the three Ladies of London.

that the way to the Alehouse in his sleepe cannot find.

Tom. For the good Lords sake take compassion on the poore.

Enter Fraud with a basket of meat on his arme.

Fraud. How now sirs, you are bengiance hastie, can ye not tarye  
But stand bauling so at my Ladies doore.

Heere take it amongst you, yet twere a good almesse deed to giue you  
nothing.

Because you were so hastie and kept such a calling.

Tom. I beseech ye not so sir, for we are verie hungrie,  
that made vs so hastie, but we are so ze we troubled ye.

Simp. Looke how greedie they be, like dogs that fall a snatching.  
You shall see that I haue the greatest almes, because I said nothing  
Fraud knowes me, therefore hele be my friend I am sure of that:  
they haue nothing but leane beefe, ye shall see I shall haue a pece thys  
faste.

Maister Fraud you haue for;got me, pray ye let me haue my share,

Fraud. Faith all is gone, thou comis too late, thou seest al is giuen there  
By the faith of a Gentleman I haue it not, I would I were able to  
giue thee more.

Simp. O sir, I saw your armes hang out at a stable doore. (to drp)

Fraud. Indeed my armes are at the Painter, belike he hung them out  
I pray thee tell me what they were, if thou canst them descrye.

Simp. Marry there was never a scutchin, but there was a tree rampant  
And then ouer them lay a solwer tree passant,  
With a man like you in a greene field pendant,  
Haing a hempten halter about his necke, with a knot vnder the left  
eare, because you are a yonger brother.

Then sir, there stands on each hand holding by the creast,

I worthie Oliers hand in a dikk of grease:

Besides all this, on the helmet stands the hangmans hand,

Readie to turne the Ladder whereon your picture did stand:

Then vnder the helmet hung fables like chaines, and for what they are

I cannot devise,

Except it be to make you hang fast, that the crowes might picke out  
your eyes.

Fraud. What a swad is this! I had borne better to haue sent him to  
the backe doore,

to haue gotten some almes amongst the rest of the poore.

Thou prast thou canst not tell what, or els art not w'll in thy wic,

I am sure my armes are not blazd so farre abroad as ye.

Simp. O yes sir, your armes were knowne a great while ago,

For your elder brother Deceit did giue those armes too,

Marry the difference is all, which is the knot vnder the left eare,  
the Painter saies when he is hangd, you may put out the knot without  
feare.

I am sure they were your armes, for there was written in Romane  
letters round about the hempten collar,

A pythie and p'leasant Comœdie

Given by the worthie valiant Captaine maister Fraud the Dillar.  
How God be with ye sir, he get me euen close to the backe doore.  
Farewell Tom begger, and wily dwall, he beg with you no more.

Exit.

Tom. O farewell Simplicie, we are very loth to lose thy compaines.  
Fraud. How he is gone give care to me. You seeme to be sound meu in  
every joint and limb,

And can ye liue in this sort to go vp and downe the country a begaing?  
O base minds I trow, I had rather haue it out by the high way Ode,  
Than such miserie and penarie still to abide.

Sirs, if you will be raigne by me, and do what I shall say,  
Ile bring ye where we shall haue a notable fine p;ay.  
It is so sirs, that a merchant, one Mercadorus, is comming from Turky  
And it is my Ladie's pleasure that he robbed should be,  
She hath sworne that we shal be all sharers alike,  
And upon that willed me some such compaines as you be to seeke.

Tom O worthy Captaine Fraud, you haue wonne my noble hart:  
You shall see how manfully I can play my part.  
And heres wily dwall, as god a felow as your heart can wish,  
To go a fishing with a cranke through a window, or to set lime twigges  
to catch a pan, pot, or dish.

Will. He saies true for I tell you I am one that will not give backe,  
Not for a double shot out of a blache fache.

O sir, you bring vs a bed when ye talkie of this geare,  
Come, shall we go worthy Captaine? I long till we be there.

Fraud. I, let vs about it, to prouide our weapons ready,  
And when the time serues, I my selfe will conduct ye.

Tom O valiantly spoken, come wily dwall, two pots of ale wele besoile  
On our Captaine couragiously for a parting blow. Excut.

Enter the Judge of Turky, with Gerontus  
and Mercadorus.

Judge. Sir Gerontus, because you are the plaintife, you first your mind  
shall say,

Declare the cause you did arrest this merchant yester day.

Geront. Then learned Judge attend: this Mercadorus, whome you  
see in place,

Did bo:row two thousand duckats of me, but for a fwe weeks space.  
Then sir, before the day came, by his flatterie he obtained one thousand  
more,

And promist me at two monthes ende I should receiue my shire:  
But before the time expired, he was closely fled away,  
So that I never heard of him, at least this two yeeres day,  
till at the last I met with him, and did the money did demand,  
Who sware to me at fwe daies end he would pay me out of hand.  
The fwe daies came, and thre daies more, then one day he requested:

of the three Ladies of London.

I perceiving that he flouted me, haue got hym thus arrested:  
And now he comes in Turkish weedes to defeat me of my monie,  
But I trow he will not forslake his faith. I deeme he hath more honestie.  
Iudge. Sir Gerontus you knowe, if any man forslake his faith, King,  
country, and become a Mahomer.  
All debts are paide, tis the law of our Realme, and you may not gaine-  
say it.

Geron. Most true (reuerend iudge) we may not, nor I will not against  
our Lawes grudge.

Iudge. Denioz Mercadorus is this true that Gerontus doth tell?  
Merca. My Lord iudge, de watter, and circumstance be true me knowes  
But me will be a Turke, and for dat cause me came here. Well.  
Iudge. Then it is but a folly to make many words. Denioz Mercado-  
rus drawe neare.

Lay your hand on this booke, and say after me.

Merca. With a god will my Lord iudge, me be all readie.  
Geron. Not for any devotion, but for Lycars sake of my monie.  
Iudge. Say I Mercadorus, doo vterly renounce before all the world,  
my dutie to my Prince, my honour to my parents, and my god will to  
my country.

Merca. Furthermore I protest and sweare to be true to this countreis  
during life, and thereupon I forslake my Christian faith.

Geron. Stay there most puissant iudge. Denioz mercadorus, consider  
what you do,  
Pay me the principall, as for the interest, I forgive it you:  
And yet the interest is allowed amongst you Christians, as well as in  
Turky

Therefore respect your faith, and do not sceme to deceipte me.

Merca. No point da interest, no point da principall.  
Geron. Then pay me the one halfe, if you will not pay me all.  
Merca. No point da halfe, no point denere, me will be a Turke I say,  
me be weary of my Christis religioun, and for dat me come away.  
Geron. Well seeing it is so, I would be loth to heare the people say, it  
was long of me  
Thou forslakest thy faith, wherefore I forgive thee franke and free:  
Protestinge before the iudge, and all the worlde, neuer to demand peny  
nor halfe peny.

Merca. O sir Gerontus, me take a your proffer, and tanke you most  
hartily.

Iudge. But Denioz mercadorus, I trow ye wil be a Turke for all this.  
Merca. Denioz no, not for all da god in da worlde, me forslake a my Christ.

Iudge. Well then it is as sir Gerontus said, you did more for the gree-  
dines of the mony,

Then for any zeale or god will you bare to Turky.

Merca. Oh sir, you make a great offence,  
You must not iudge a my conscience.

Iudge. One may iudge and speake truth, as appeares by this,

A pitte and pleasant Comedie

Jewes seeke to excell in Christianitie, & Christians in Jewisnes. (Exe.)  
Mer. Well well, but me tanke you sir Gerontus hit all my very hart.  
Geron. Much good may it do ydu sir, I repent it not for my part.  
But yet I would not haue this bolden you to serue another so,  
Sche to pay & keep day with men so a good name on you wil go. (Exe.)  
Merca. You say wel sir, it dulse good dat me haue coissend de Jew,  
Faith I would mr. Lady Lucar de whole matter now knew.  
Dat is dat me will not do for her sweet sake,  
But now me will prouide my tourney toward England to take.  
He be a Turke, no, it will make mr. Lady Lucar to smile,  
When she knowes how me did da scal Jew beguile. Exit.

Enter Lucar, and Loue with a vizard behinde.

Luc. My Mistre Loue, I maruell not a little what coy conceit is crept  
into your head,  
that you seeme so sad and so sorrowfull since the time you first did wed,  
tell me sweet wench what thou aylest, and if I can ease thy griefe,  
I will be plesse to pleasure thee in yeelding of relief.  
Sure thou makest me so to thinke somewhat hath chaunst amisse,  
I pray thee tell me what thou aylest, and what the matter is.

Loue. My griefe alas I shame to shewe, because my bad intent  
Hath brought on me a iust reward, and eke a strange euent,  
Shall I be counted Loue, nay rather lascivious Lust,  
Because vnto Dissimulation I did repose such trust?  
But now I moine too late, and blush my hap to tell,  
My head in monstrous sorte alas, doth more and more still swell.

Luc. Is your head then swoyne good mistris Loue, I pray you let me  
see.

Of truth it is beholde a face that seemes to smile on me:  
It is faire and well fauored, with a countenance smooth and good,  
Wander is the wost, to see two faces in a hood.

Come lets go, wele find some spoors to spurne away such toyes,

Loue. Where it not for Lucar, sure Loue had lost her toyes. (Exe.)

Enter Serviceable Diligence the Constable, and Simplicitie  
with an Officer to whip him, or two if you can.

Simp. Why, but must I be whipt maister Constable indeed?  
You may saue your labour, for I haue no need.

Dili. I must needs see thee punished, there is no remedie,  
Except thou wilt confess, and tell me,  
Where thy fellowes are become that did the robberie.

Simp. Indeed maister Constable, I do not know of their stealing,  
for I did not see them since we went togither a beggning:  
Therefore pray ye sir be miserable to me, and let me goe,  
for I labour to get my living with beggning you know.

of the three Ladies of London.

Dili. Thou wast seene in their companie a little before the deed was done.

therefore it is most likely thou knowest where they are become.

Simp. Why maister Constable, if a sheepe go among wolves all day,  
Shall the sheepe be blaimd if they steale any thing alwaye?

Dili. Yea mary shall he, for it is a great presumption,  
that keeping them companie, he is of like profection.

But dispatch vs, strip him, and whip him:

Stand not to reason the question.

Simp. Indeed twas fraud so it was, it was not I.  
And here he comes himselfe, aske him if I lie.

Enter Fraud.

Dili. What sahest thou villaine? I would advise thee hold thy tong,  
I know him to be a wealthie man, and a Burgess of the towne.  
Sir, and it please your mastership, heres one haunders you with felonie,  
He saith you were the chiefe doer of a robbery.

Fraud. What saies the rascall? but you know,  
It standeth not with my credite to braule:  
But good maister Constable for his slauderous report,  
Pay him double, and in as great a matter command me you shall.

Exit.

Simp. M. Constable, must the countnance carry out the knau,  
Why then if one will face folks out, some fine repartiment he must haue.

Bedle put off his clothes.

Bedle. Come sir tache sauce: make quicke dispatch at once,  
You shall see how finely we will fetch the skin from your bones.

Simp. May but tell me be you both right handed or no?

Bedle. What is that to thee, why wouldest thou so faine know?

Simp. Mary if you shoulde both be right handed, the one woulde hinder  
the other,

then it woulde not be done finely according to order:

For if you whip me not with credite it is not worth a pinne,  
therefore I pray you M. Constable, let me be whipt on the skinne.

Dili. Whereon dost thou thinke they woulde whip thee I pray thee de=  
that thou puttest vs in minde, and takest so great care. (clarke)

Simp. I was afraid you woulde haue wone cut my clothee with whip=ping,  
then afterward I shoulde go naked a begging.

Bedle. Haue no doubt of that, we will sauour thy clothes,  
Thou shalt judge that thy selfe, by seeing the blowes.

Lead him once or twise about whipping him, and so exit.

Enter Judge Nemo, the Clarke, of the Size, the Crier, and  
Serviceable Diligence, the Judge and Clarke  
being set, the Crier shal sound thiise,

¶ 2

Judge

A pitiful and pleasant Comedie

Judge. Seruiseable Diligence, bring hither such prisoners as are in your custodie.

Dili. My diligence shall be applied very willingly.  
Pleaseth it you, there are but three prisoners so farre as I know,  
which are Lucas and Conscience, with a deformed creature much like  
Wiseons the bale daughter of Juno.

Judge. Now where is that wretched Disimulation?  
Dili. He hath transformed himselfe after a strange fashion.

Judge. Fraude: where is he become?

Dili. He was seene in the streets walking in a Citizens gowne.

Judge. What is become of Usurie?

Dili. He was seene at the Exchange very lately.

Judge. Tell me, when you heard of Hunony?

Dili. He was seene this day walking in Paules, having conference &  
very great familiaritie with some of the Clergie.

Judge. Fetch Lucas and Conscience to the Barre.

Dili. Behold worthy judge, here readie they are.

Enter Lucas and Conscience.

Judge. Stand forth: Diligence deuide them a sundre.

Clarke. Lucas, thou art indited by the name of Lucas,  
To haue committed adulterie with mercadorus the merchant, and Creticus the Lawier.

Thou art also indited for the robberie of mercador.

Lastly, and chieflie, for the consenting to the murder of Hospitalitie.  
What saiest thou, art thou guiltie or not in these causes?

Luc. Not guiltie, where are mine accusers, they may shame to shewe  
their faces.

I warrant you none comes, nor dare to discredit my name:

In despite of the teeth of them that dare: I speake in disdaine.

Judge. Impudent, canst thou denie deedes so manifestly knowne.

Luc. In deuill stands triall: I shame not, let them be shawne,  
It grinds my gall, they shold haue me on this soare: (report)  
they are some olde cankered currish corrupt Carles that gaue mee this  
My soule craves reuenge on such my sacred foes,  
And reuengement I will haue, if bodie and soule I lose.

Judge. Thy hatefull heart declares thy wicked life,  
In the abundance of thy abomination all euils are rife:  
But what saiest thou Conscience to thy accusation  
that art accused to haue beeene haude unto Lucas; and spotted with all  
abomination.

Con. What should I say, may what would I say in this out naughtie  
living.

Lucas. God Conscience if thou loue me say nothing.

Clarke. Diligence, suffer her not to stand prating.

Let hir put her aside.

Judge. What letter is that in thy bosome Conscience? Diligence reach  
it hither.

Make as though ye read it.

Conscience

12

### Of the thre e Ladies of London.

Conscience speake on, let me heare what thou canst say,  
For I know in singlenes thou wile a truth bewray.

Con. My g<sup>r</sup>d Lord I haue no way to excuse my selfe,  
She hath corrupted me by flatter<sup>r</sup>, and her accursed selfe:  
What neede further triall, I Conscience am a thousand witness<sup>r</sup>,  
I cannot ch<sup>o</sup>se but condemne vs all in living amisse.  
Such terror<sup>r</sup> doth affright me, that living, I wish to die:  
I am afraid there is no sparke left for me of Gods mercie.

Judge. Conscience where hadst thou this letter?

Con. It was put into my boosome by L<sup>u</sup>car:  
Willing me to keepe secret our lasciuious living,  
I cannot but condemne vs all in this thing.

Judge. How now mallepart stand you still in defence or no?  
This letter declares thy guyltie Conscience, how fairest thou is it not for  
Tell me, why standest thou in a maze? speake quicklie:  
Hadst thou thy tongue so liberaill, and now stand to studie?

L<sup>u</sup>car. O Conscience thou hast kild me, by thee I am ouerthrowne.

Judge. It is happie that by Conscience thy abomination is knowne,  
Therefore I pronounce iudgement against thee on this wile:  
Thou shalt passe to the place of darkenesse, where thou shalt heare feare-  
full cries.

Weeping, wauling, gnashing of teeth, and torment without end,  
Burning in the lake of fire and brumstone because thou canst not amend:  
Wherefore Diligence conuey her hence, throw her downe to the lowest  
hell,  
Where the infernall sp<sup>r</sup>ites and damned ghoſſs do dwelle.  
And bring for<sup>r</sup>th Loue.

Exit L<sup>u</sup>car and Diligence.

Let L<sup>u</sup>car make ready for Loue quickly, and come with Diligence.  
Declare the cause Conscience at large, how thou commest so spotted,  
Wher<sup>e</sup>by many by thee hath beene greatly infected:  
For vnder the colour of Conscience thou deceiued<sup>r</sup> mane,  
Causing them to defile the temple of God, which is mans bodie:  
A cleane conscience is a sacrifice: Gods owne resting place,  
Wh<sup>y</sup> wast thou then corrupted so, and spotted on thy face?

Con. When Hospitalitie had his throat<sup>r</sup> cut by Asurie,  
He oppressed me with crueltie, and brought me to beggerie:  
Turning me out of houſe and home, and in the end,  
my godone to pae my rent, to him I did send:  
So diuen to that extremitie, I haue fallen to that you see,  
Yet after iudgement I hope of Gods mercie.

Judge. O Conscience, shall cankered quain corrupt thy heart?  
Or shall want in this w<sup>r</sup>ld cause thee to feele everlasting smart?  
O Conscience what a ſmall time thou haſt on earth to liue,  
why doest thou not then, to God all honor giue?  
Considering the time is everlasting that thou ſhalt liue in bliſſe,  
If by thy life thou riſe from death, to iudgement mercie, and forgiuenes.

F 3

Enter

A pithie and pleasant Comocdie

Enter Loue with Diligence.

Stand aside Conscience, bring Loue to the barre.

What saest thou to thy deformitie, who was the cause?

Loue. Ladie Lucar.

Judge. Did Lucar choke thee so, that thou gauest thy selfe ouer to lust?

And did prodigall expences cause thee in Dissimulation to trust?

Thou wast pure Loue, and art thou become a monster,

Wolstring thy selfe vpon the lasciuiousnes of Lucar?

Loue answere so; thy selfe, speake in thy defence.

Loue. I cannot chuse but yeeld, confounded by Conscience.

Judge. Then iudgement I pronounce on thee, because thou followed

Lucar,

Wherby thou hast solde thy soule to feele like torment with her,

which torments comprecheded are in the worne of Conscience,

who raging still, shall nere haue end, a plague for thine offence,

Care shall be thy comfort, and sorrow shall thy life sustaine,

thou shalt be dying, yet never dead, but pining still in endlesse paine.

Diligence convey her to Lucar, let that be her reward,

Because vnto her cankered coyne she gaue her whole regard.

But as for Conscience, carrie her to prison,

there to remaine vntill the day of generall session:

Thus we make an end,

Knowing that the best of vs all may amend:

Whiche God graunt to his good will and pleasure,

That we be not corrupted with the vnsatiate desire of vanishing earthly

treasure:

For Couetousnesse is the cause of wresting mans Conscience,

Therefore restraine thy lust, and thou shalt shun the offence.

FINIS.

Paul Bucke.

